THE ENGLISH REVIEW

VOLUME LI

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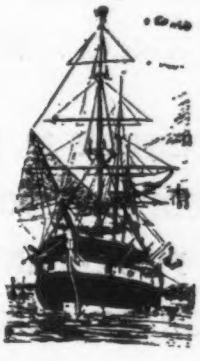

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THE
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July, 1930

Correspondence

Australia's Task : An Australian's View.

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—The gradual expansion and development of the British Empire, and the effect the English-speaking peoples have had on the development of the economic resources of the whole world during the last hundred years, must, in the not far distant future—impossible as it may seem—result in all the nations realizing that they are one great economic unit.

It cannot but be deplored to-day that, through a lack of understanding of the virility and independence of the emigrants who left the British shores, and a lack of sympathy with their early trials and tribulations in subduing the wilderness of the new world, the British peoples lost, as a part of the British Empire, that great country which is now the richest on earth—the United States of America.

If one could get an instantaneous photograph of the concentrated shipping traffic of the world as it passes through the English Channel; in and out of the east and west ports of North America; through the Panama Canal; through the Suez Canal and Gulf of Suez; and on through the great ports of the Far East, the fact would be forcibly impressed upon one's mind that the whole world is indeed already one economic unit, and that no nation can isolate itself if it is to march in the procession of the world's progress—if it wishes to bring its people to a better state of life than is afforded to the great majority of human beings on earth to-day.

It is assuredly the destiny of the English-speaking peoples to lead, but the British Commonwealth of Nations must first put its own house in order; and it is here we come to the task that confronts the Commonwealth of Australia—a task full of difficulties that are increasing daily, owing to that very freedom to legislate for herself that has been conferred upon her by the Mother of Parliaments.

Mr. Stanley Bruce, when Prime Minister of Australia, must have realized the disastrous effect that the fiscal policy of Australia was having upon her development and advancement, which, if persisted in, must lead inevitably to industrial and financial stagnation. His right-hand man, Dr. Earle Page, the Federal Treasurer, was the Leader of the Country Party, whose interests were being assailed and progress retarded by an abnormally high tariff; to this was added a federal land tax as well as a federal income tax—from which two later incidences of taxation the States must also derive much of their income. On Mr. Bruce's left hand, however, was the late Mr. Pratten, a prohibitive protectionist, who succeeded in raising the Australian tariff to the blockade point.

The Prime Minister was thus between two millstones, which

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SWITZERLAND

eventually crushed him. He knew that to preach the gospel of sanity himself to the large majority of Australians who lived in the cities and were determined to use their political power (by means of a high tariff) to remain there, would have wrecked his composite Ministry.

It may have been a coincidence that at this time the Secretary of State for the Dominions, Mr. Amery, visited the different parts of the Empire to try to stimulate the true Empire spirit that seemed to be waning since the war. All Mr. Amery's speeches in Australia exhibited "From Australia's point of view your tariffs recognize to a far wider a masterly tactfulness. In Melbourne on October 26, 1927, he said: Extent the community which binds the Empire. You have given us preferences which, in the lean and hungry years for British industry, have been of real value and deeply appreciated. I believe, however, that we are only at the beginning. We have to travel a great deal further before we arrive at such a combination of our economic energies as will get the utmost out of our powers and develop our heritage to its greatest height of material wealth, and building up a higher level of life, with greater opportunities for our people."

Here we have thanks for benefits conferred, and an appeal not to crush unmercifully the mother who gave Australia her birth. Yet, in his farewell remarks to Australia, Mr. Amery must have felt that his had been a voice crying in the wilderness when he said that Australians must not think that they were living in seclusion like the priests in the fastnesses of Tibet, unassailable in their security.

So passed the first statesman, to be followed a little later by "The Big Four." Again we got the truth couched in the language of gentle-

men and statesmen, which, having received its modicum of praise, was then gradually relegated to the waste-paper basket.

Mr. Bruce thought he had the country behind him, and the cause that made him seek an early election is of no moment. His effort to serve his country and save it from the fetish of high protection (for which he had been partly responsible) was in vain; the country people blamed him for increasing their burdens, and the city people, seeing their vested interests assailed, smote the government hip and thigh. Even Mr. Bruce himself, in an electorate where he was well known and highly respected, had to revert from general to private. The child knows more than the father and must pay for his experience. May the price be within his means.

The basic concern of economics is the production and distribution of wealth. Few people bother their heads about production; most are anxious to join in the scramble for the distribution of wealth, each trying to grab as much as he can of the stream as it passes by, caring little whence it comes.

Throughout the world to-day the workers on primary products assert that their labour leaves them little or no margin of profit; yet from this " actual wealth " must the debts of the world be paid.

Not only are the workers in the secondary industries asking the producers of primary wealth-producing commodities to work harder during longer hours, but the distributors of both commodities are grabbing at a stream of paper money—called credit—as the necessities of their fellow-men pass through their hands. The worker on natural wealth products must take what is offered for the result of his work, while at the same time he is obliged to pay what the industrial workers and distributors demand for the products they sell to him. This is the root of most economic ills to-day, and must be rectified before any solution for them can be found.

Statisticians tell us that, apart from the fields of industry—trade and shipping—the British Isles could only support a population of 12,000,000. There are still 30,000,000 more to cater for. The British Isles are overpopulated now, yet it is expected that the population will reach 65,000,000 in 25 years. What is going to happen?

Australia is under-populated with barely 6,500,000 people. More than half of these live in the capital cities and about another quarter in the larger towns. Australian politics are dominated by the electors in the cities and towns whose work is mostly " sterile."

If the industrial statistics of England are correct, then it would appear that her industrial male workers between 1883 and 1919 became two inches shorter in height, three inches smaller in the chest, and weighed a stone and a half less. Americans claim that a man employed in hard labour does not pull his weight if he weighs less than eleven stone. The English average is far below that; yet it is from England's industrial workers that Australia must draw her future man-power.

During the relief of his Light Horse Regiment—thinned in ranks and form by the hardships undergone—the writer could not help being struck, as he gazed with intense admiration at the magnificent physique of the new Australian Infantry Battalion as they filed into The Nek, on Gallipoli, in August 1915, with the contrast between these lithe, strong, tall, beautiful figures and the small, comparatively insignificant

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bodies of the first Kitchener Army from the North of England to reach Gallipoli.

The physique of the Australian industrialist, if he be continuously bred in the cities, must eventually deteriorate as that of the British industrialist has done. Conversely, if the British industrialist be given the environment and decent living of the rural parts of the temperate zone of Australia, in three generations the physique of his progeny would be equal to that of the average Australian to-day.

That Mr. Amery saw this aspect of the question can be seen from his remarks in the speech above referred to, when he said: " England is overcrowded. There are too many narrow, huddled streets. Think of the effect of the lack of opportunity, of being denied the spaciousness of life, which means so much to the individual. Here you are suffering from want of numerical strength. From both sides, then, there is a problem to be solved. It is not a matter of dumping people here. Britain cannot solve its unemployment problem by creating another here. The distribution can come about only by the skilful transfer of population, the creation of new industries, and, above all, by bringing out those who are going to succeed and not fail."

This factor in the problem is not political, nor is it only economic: it is *human* needs which must dominate the thoughts and actions not only of statesmen, but also of the whole of the Empire they lead if an effective distribution of its population is to be accomplished.

Australia only wants the very best of the British people as immigrants. England cannot afford to let the best of her rural population

leave her shores; she wants all she has, and still more, to develop her own agriculture, which gives the highest average yields in the world. Yet this industry is said to be in a bad way.

Australia wants no more people in her industrial centres until such time as she so orders her internal economy as to create a more even balance between her " sterile " workers and those engaged on " wealth "-producing labour. Recent statistics show that the population of some of her capital cities will, at the present rate of progress, double itself twenty times more rapidly than some of the rural areas. Even if this be an exaggeration in regard to the whole of Australia, and we reduce the figures by half, the balance will be detrimental to her own progress. Only by the manufacture of some of her agricultural products into necessary human commodities can she, at the present time, compete in the markets of the world as an industrial nation. No more proof of this fact is necessary than the recent decision of Messrs. H. V. McKay, Ltd., the largest agricultural implement-makers in Australia, to start operations in Canada, because they could not sell their machinery outside Australia at a profit. Yet the founder of the firm died a millionaire!

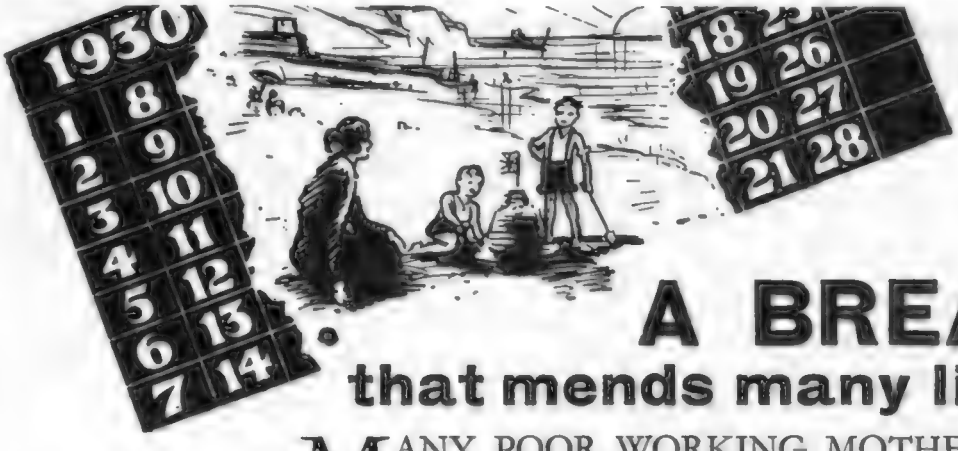
Again, there is no use denying the fact that the average English immigrant in Australia cannot pull his weight against the average Australian. Nor is he capable of earning the wages demanded in agricultural pursuits without a considerable amount of training. With the production of wheat already on the border line between profit and loss, and a reduction in the national income this year of some £30,000,000 owing to the great fall in the price of wool, Australia cannot afford to continue developing her waste places at present-day costs. Much less would this be possible with less virile workers drawing equal wages. Every implement used by the " wealth "-producing worker is at least double the price of that of any other country, whether it be actual field implements, or machinery in the co-operative butter factories or flour mills, etc. So we find the " wealth "-producing worker held back at every turn by his fellow " sterile " worker.

The cause of these obstacles in the path of progress in Australia is certainly political. It can only be remedied by the combined efforts of British and Australian statesmen, industrial leaders, and people of the Empire as a whole, treating this phase of the problem in a humane way—man's decency to man—and, by taking action, to establish the Empire's solidarity.

If Australia continues to mishandle her internal economy, as she is doing to-day, the end, in a very few years, can only be industrial unemployment and the ruin of many of her people.

England is not the only manufacturing country in the world to-day; her cast-off sons of America are her greatest rivals in Australia. In the world's market she has also the competition of cheaper European products. Unless the development of the Empire's rural resources, and particularly in Australia, is rapidly expedited in such a way as to convert the excess of " sterile " workers in England into " wealth "-producing workers in Australia, then must both countries suffer from their lack of co-ordination in effort.

Perhaps no British subject sees the solution of this great problem more clearly than does that broad-minded statesman and industrialist,



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Lord Melchett. In a recent speech he said: "It is clear as crystal that, unless we succeed in a fairly short time in welding our Empire into an economic whole, we shall see a tendency to economic divergencies which may in time undermine the bonds which hold it together." And, again, striking at the root of the whole problem: "You cannot deny these great countries the desire and wish to develop themselves industrially as well as agriculturally, but I do believe that it is not beyond the bounds of human endeavour to arrive at arrangements between us in which all the resources of the Empire will be used for the best advantage of all, and when arrangements could be made to encourage the production of commodities of the most suitable character by which the increases and developments of old and new industries could be co-ordinated."

The West Australian goldfields hold, perhaps, the largest bodies of low-grade ore in the world. For two or three decades, owing to a lack of some payable process for extracting the gold, the mines of Wiluna have been lying idle. As soon as this difficulty was overcome, the capital was guaranteed for the development and working of the mines, provided the State Government would build a railway to them. After checking the figures and results obtained by the mine manager to show that the mine could be successfully worked, the State Government built the line, about 110 miles long. It is here that we see the effect of federation on some of the States. Notwithstanding that the working of this mine will be an Australian national asset, and that, had it not been opened up, it could have been of no material benefit to the Federal Government, the State Government had to pay duty on

its rails because they were not made in the Eastern States, but had been purchased in England. Although the company was going to spend a million or two in developing the actual " wealth " resources of Australia, the machinery for that purpose is subject to a huge duty before it leaves the wharf. The Argentine Republic has enough sense to admit goods and machinery, when intended for the development of her primary resources, into the country free of duty, and, in some cases, carries these goods free over the railways to their destination.

Neither Mr. Bruce, nor Mr. Amery, nor even " The Big Four " have been able to impress upon the minds of average Australian politicians the fact that their ideas of political economy could be altered with advantage to the country; rather, it appears that, since the rejection of the Bruce-Page ministry, the idea of Empire economic union, instead of converging, has already receded as predicted by Lord Melchett. How is this difficulty to be overcome, while the majority of the Australian electors are " sterile " workers?

If a Professor of Psychology were asked, he would probably explain it in this way: " It has already been shown by extensive, exhaustive mental tests that 75 per cent. of the English-speaking peoples have not the innate mental ability to pass the ordinary high school course. If this be so, as it is, it could only be expected that not less than 75 per cent. of the Australian electors would not have the ability in casting their votes to consider whether or not their political actions would eventually bring upon themselves national progress or national disaster." This psychological aspect must also apply to the average Australian politician, picked, as he is, from the same human material.

The Lloyd Barrage in Sind, India, across the Indus River, is the largest undertaking of its kind in the world. Three miles below the gorge at Sukkur one stands and gazes in amazement at this vast structure stretching nearly a mile across the rapidly flowing river, and reflects with intense admiration on the intrepidity of the brains which evolved it and the ultra-humane thoughts that inspired its construction. Standing on the floor of the last coffer-dam—some forty acres in extent—one can see these huge foundations rising rapidly every day as the constant stream of human beings, male and female, carry their baskets of stone and cement on their heads, happy in their earnings, night and day, from the dumps of the little railway trucks to their allotted position in the foundations upon which the final arches are to rest: a monument to the brains and humanity of the British people.

Some of the floors of the main canals are wider than the top of the Suez Canal, and, with the main branches, will be nearly 1,700 miles long, while a further 4,500 miles of distributaries are being excavated. The whole area under command amounts to about 7,500,000 acres. The canals are designed to irrigate nearly 6,000,000 acres annually on attainment of final development, at a cost per irrigable acre of less than £4. Similar land under irrigation in the Punjab sells at from £50 to £100 per acre, according to situation.

All the irrigation works in India are paying propositions—as are the railways—and have been inaugurated and carried out while India was in a state of tutelage. One would think that the brains and capital and assistance of the British people could be used to the greatest advantage in developing the vast untouched resources of Australia. They will never be developed without, under the present processes and political peculiarities of her economic conditions.

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It almost seems as if the government of the human race, with the selfishness of individual national ideals as the predominant part of their thoughts and actions, has gone beyond the power of the human being to control successfully and that, unless some supreme crisis arises in this generation to help us out, the tribulations of the world, with its problems of colour and creed and "self-determination," must lead to the Armageddon predicted in the Bible. May God grant that our eyes be opened in time.

Let, at least, the British peoples by their own union set an example to the rest of the world of the possibility of a wider economic union.

Yours, etc.,
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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
JULY, 1930.

Current Comments

THE second volume of the Simon Report, containing the Commission's recommendations, is the most important State paper of our generation. Briefly, the Report proposes to replace Dyarchy in the provincial governments by substantial autonomy, including the control of the security services. It proposes for each province a Government responsible to an elected house chosen on a franchise nearly four times as wide as at present, but providing still for communal representation. "Reserved" services are to be abolished. For the Central Government it proposes a legislature composed on a strictly federal basis of "representatives of the units of ultimate federation." This is to be secured mainly by indirect election from the provincial legislatures. The Council of State is retained. The Viceroy's Executive Council, or Cabinet, is not, however, to become responsible to the new Legislature any more than it is to the present one, though the Commissioners observe that the influence of the Legislature on the Executive will undoubtedly grow.

India: The Simon Report

THE second important series of recommendations relates to the Army. It is proposed that this should in effect be under the control of the Viceroy, acting not as head of the Government of India but as the representative of the Crown. It should be at the disposal of the Governors, subject to the Viceroy, for the purpose of maintaining internal peace. The cost should be met by an annual payment from Indian to Imperial funds and external defence, both of the North-West and North-Eastern Frontier, would be a direct Imperial responsibility.

Our Army in India

A THIRD recommendation of major importance is for the separation of Burma from India, a fourth for the allocation of new nationally raised revenues to the provincial governments on a population basis, and a fifth for the creation of a consultative Grand Council containing representatives of the Princes as well as of

Other Recommendations

British India. This last proposal is supplemented by a suggestion that a list of "subjects of common interest" should be drawn up and agreed with the rulers of the native states, the purpose being in this way to make it clear that consultation with the Government of India is limited to matters of genuine common interest and is no infringement of the inalienable rights of any of the parties.

WE have left to the last the governing recommendation of all, on which the controversy will turn. The Governors of the provinces are to have statutory powers, subject to the approval of the Viceroy, to supersede, under the forms of law, the elected legislatures, wholly or in part, when the advice tendered to them by their ministers is prejudicial to the public safety, involves the repudiation of engagements entered into, entails the oppression of minorities or contravenes instructions properly issued on all-India matters by the Viceroy. Similarly, the Viceroy himself retains the power to override the Central Legislature even in matters of finance when the passing of any measure is essential to safety, tranquillity, or the public interest. In addition, he has independent control of the Army, through the Commander-in-Chief, and the power to exercise control and, in emergencies of a defined character, to issue the widest instructions to the provincial governments.

The Kernel of the Report

IT is not difficult to forecast the storm of disapproval which this strong and striking recommendation will excite in India, and also, it may be added, in Russia and in "advanced" circles over here. The recommendations as a whole form a curious and indeed remarkable contrast, as far as the provincial governments are concerned, with those of the Montagu-Chelmsford Report. This report prescribed a theoretically ridiculous constitution to meet the actual facts. Sir John Simon and his colleagues have prescribed an extremely logical and workmanlike scheme of provincial autonomy which is so little in accord with the facts that provision is made for a return to personal government under the form of law.

Montagu and Simon: The Contrast

The Powers of the British Parliament

As regards the responsibility of the India Office, itself responsible to the British Parliament, this is limited by the increased powers given to the provincial governments, though the Commissioners contemplate the continuance unimpaired of the British Parliament's ultimate responsibility for the maintenance of public peace. The effect of this is that, as a matter of routine day to day administration, Parliament can only control (by the issue of instructions through the Secretary of State) the action of the provincial governments over a field defined by the following categories :—

(1) Safeguarding of administration of central subjects.
(2) Matters which may, in the opinion of the Governor-General, essentially affect the interests of any other part of India.
(3) Supply of information on any subject.
(4) Raising of loans.
(5) Employment of all-India services in the Province.
(6) Safeguarding of Imperial interests.
(7) Questions arising between India and other parts of the Empire.
(8) Implementing international obligations.

In regard, however, to the key provisions of the whole scheme, to the power of the Viceroy, acting through the Governors, to override the provincial governments (in specified cases) and to the power of the Viceroy to override his own Central Legislature (also in specified cases), the control of the British Parliament is supreme, at least in theory. In practice, of course, it might only be exercisable by recalling the Viceroy, but the reasons for this are geographical and technical only. The constitutional relationship is clear and important.

The Situation To-day

WHAT is the situation now that the Commission's proposals are known? It is not generally realized how far this has been changed from that contemplated by the Act under which the Commission was appointed. It was clearly the intention that the Montagu-Chelmsford Report should be regarded as the first step on a particular road to self-government, and that, at subsequent intervals, further steps along the same road should be taken on the initiative of the British Government.

We have arrived, however, to-day at a point where neither Indian officialdom, the Indian Congress Party, nor informed English opinion wishes to go any further along the road marked out by Mr. Montagu. Whatever may happen as a result of the discussions and decisions of the next eighteen months, Dyarchy is dead. There is thus no question of regarding the Simon Report as the report of a Commission of Experts to be accepted by all reasonable men as authoritative. Sir John Simon himself realized this when he made his proposal for a conference between representatives of all shades of Indian opinion and English opinion to consider his Report. The Report may well contain, and in our view it does, the wisest solution of the constitutional problems involved, but this is not because of any expert knowledge on the part of the Commissioners, but because of their own qualities of statesmanship.

The Forthcoming Conference

It is thus of the first importance for Conservative opinion to insist that the object of the Conference, if it be held, is to discuss fundamentals and not details. *If it be treated as a conference on the Simon Report, disaster will immediately follow, for in that event the Report would become the minimum from which the British side could never recede and beyond which they would be morally bound to advance,* if their offer of an unrestricted Conference were not wholly insincere.

Our Word to India

Our word to India, then, should be this :—" We have a long experience of representative institutions. We are working for a time when an autonomous Government of India, composed of all races, creeds and states, will be fully responsible to the elected representatives of those races, states and creeds. We think we have visualized the constitutional framework within which this ideal can be best realized, and we are prepared to begin constructing this framework to-day. If you do not approve this framework, suggest another, but it is no good accepting our framework glibly and then challenging the laws of Euclidean geometry and asking us to ignore in building it the proved laws of strains and stresses. We have been building this kind of structure for centuries and you for a decade only. Whatever our faults, we have the

technique, and without a knowledge of the technique you will fail, as China has failed." A detailed examination by Lord Sydenham of the recommendations of the Commission will be published in our next issue.

Politics on the Home Front

At Westminster the last month has, I am told, been one of exceptional interest. No statement could measure better the difference between the attitude of the business men and the politicians. The antics of alleged Conservatives, performed with the ugliest grimaces over the embers of a policy, have excited the disgust of everyone except the members of the Treasury bench. Even the Labour back benchers, disgruntled by Mr. Snowden's intransigeance, had nourished secret hopes that a resolute advocacy of some measure of Protection by the Opposition might induce some of their own party to desert the cold Snowdonian eminences for warmer latitudes. The discreditable wrangles between the Conservative leaders have, however, chilled these hopes. The one manœuvre which could possibly consolidate the position of the official Labour group, despite their growing unpopularity, has, with a characteristic lack of realism, been attempted by the Press magnates, reasonably anxious, no doubt, to preserve their electioneering record for never backing a winning horse. They are, at any rate, doing their best.

Fleet Street or Bedlam?

To what stranger depths of illogicality could we fall than those touched in the *Daily Mail* of the 17th and 19th of last month? In the first of these issues Lord Beaverbrook deplored Mr. Baldwin's adherence to the policy of conditional food taxes initiated by himself, and asked the readers of the *Daily Mail* (whose proprietor was then opposed to food taxes in any form) to show their disgust at Mr. Baldwin's refusal to pledge himself to unconditional food taxes by sending money to the Empire Crusade. Lord Rothermere printed at the foot of this epistle an injunction to his flock to join his own United Empire Party which at that moment did not advocate food taxes. But in the leading article the *Daily Mail* asked its readers to send their money to the Empire Crusade Fund which advocated food taxes without any conditions at all. The climax of muddle and mischief making arose on the 23rd, when Lord Rothermere suddenly announced that, having

previously been opposed to food taxes in any form, he was now so firmly convinced of their necessity that he could not even tolerate the idea of postponing them until after a referendum. These are the politics of Bedlam.

LORD BEAVERBROOK'S letter of the 17th was followed on the 18th by a resolution of the executive committee of the Conservative Associations deploring his Lordship's "astonishing" pronouncement. The next day Lord Beaverbrook replied to express his own astonishment at the continued advocacy of his own policy by the party on whom he had urged it, and who had accepted it without qualification. The astonishment of a press magnate at political consistency is no new thing in our public life. But, after all, political consistency is not wholly disassociated from personal integrity, and surely for the sake of mere sanity, a decent time limit should be allowed within which even the most lightheaded or light-fingered may be allowed to advocate the same policy.

Lord Beaverbrook is Astonished

FROM these ridiculous episodes two clear facts emerged. The first was that the real object of these tortuous manœuvres was to get rid of Mr. Baldwin; the second was that the manœuvre, in this peculiarly illiterate age, would certainly succeed in splitting the party unless Mr. Baldwin changed his tone, defined his policy, and took off the gloves to fight for it. How far this was clearly realized by the Central Office cannot be said with confidence. But the decision to call a party meeting was a sign of grace. The conclusions reached at that meeting cannot be called definite. It is certain, however, that nothing can save the situation except a national campaign in favour of a policy clearly and concisely defined. On this policy, which must be adopted by the party all over the country by a free and unfettered vote, and not made a matter of confidence by this or that jack-in-office, there must be no surrender. If candidates do not like it, they must resign. If members of the front opposition bench do not like it, they must return to the back benches. If the officials of local associations do not like it, they must join a new party or desert to an old one. But at the cost of whatever sacrifice is necessary, policy must be defined,

The Campaign and its Object

and once defined must be defended. If the party is divided, let it split; if it is united, let it fight.

The Real Crisis

It does not seem to be realized, at least not in Fleet Street, that this country is faced with a crisis which will ruin not only the whole of England, but half of Europe if it is not overcome. The question is not one of the rival merits of different panaceas — insular Protection, Empire Free Trade, Safeguarding, or Socialism—but of different philosophies. Either we bring our political and economic institutions and arrangements into line with the facts of human nature or we continue with a series of projects which, because they are contrary to human nature, will infallibly result in ruin. The process of decline is in progress. To-day it can be stayed. To-morrow it cannot be. Every man out of work throws another out of work, and every thousand pounds spent on creating work for one man sends two men out of work. "Mr. Smith, I believe," said an unknown man to the Duke of Wellington whom he accosted in Piccadilly. "Sir," answered the Duke, "a man who will believe that will believe anything." That is certainly the only commentary necessary on those who imagine that you can cure unemployment by preventing children from entering industry and forcing skilled labourers out of it. It is equally the only commentary on those who imagine that by paying people to be altogether idle, or forcing them by political action to produce less, the country can, as a whole, produce more. They do not put it that way, of course, but they appear to hold an equally fantastic doctrine that by producing less a country can become richer. They can have it which way they like—a lemon at either end tastes as sweet.

The First Duty of the Opposition

To expose these fallacies is the first task of the Opposition. It ought not to be a hard task, for the evidence is ready to hand in the rapidly growing unemployment, and, what is even worse, in the shrinkage of productive enterprise. This shrinkage foretells clearly and inevitably a still further decline in employment, and few doubt to-day that unemployment will reach the two million figure comparatively soon. Why does no one point the lesson. The real trouble to-day is that all political

parties share in the responsibility for the vast orgy of expenditure in which we have been indulging, and both front benches therefore prefer, instead of facing unpleasant facts, to talk bunkum about "world causes" of unemployment. It is interesting to see how the disgust provoked on the back benches by this doctrine brings together in sympathy, though not in policy, the Extreme Left and the Extreme Right. Mr. Maxton and Lord Lloyd are at least united in the knowledge that the situation to-day needs drastic and well-defined remedies, that the present policies have finally failed, and that the next move must be drastically away from the centre. Unless the front benchers bestir themselves, events will get the better of them, and domestic (not world) causes will leave the stage clear for a battle between real socialism and real individualism.

Real Conservatism

We all know what real socialism means. It means the enforcement of a minimum standard of life at the expense of all liberty and all progress. It is a system so opposed to the fundamental instincts of human nature that it can be maintained only by ruthless force and after a decisive victory over institutional religion. It removes essentially and inevitably the natural incentives to effort, and substitutes a question—begging loyalty to "the community," which is about as inspiriting and as disinterested as the loyalty of a man to the bank where he is overdrawn. Let us contrast this view with that of the true Conservative as set out in a brilliant and profound essay* recently published:

> "Finding its illustration alike in politics, morals, and science, it teaches that the State is not simple but complex, not uniform but a harmony of opposites, not a jump into glory but a cutting of steps. It depicts society as composed of many groups, each with a life of its own as valid and rooted as the 'community's'—the lives of families, churches, localities, professions, and races, lives interpenetrated, interdependent, but yet each integral. At their back are deep spontaneous affections and persistent impulses, finding expression in variable ways, and the State, which cements

* "Conservatism" by Keith Feiling (Faber, 1s. net.)

these foundation stones, is only free when it rests upon them all."

"If a love of the work of one's hands, if affection to one's family, a sense of ownership in one's home, and moral obligation, are natural to the individual, whether you take nature as an original endowment or a proved instrument, these things are equally the right and duty of the citizen; for the moralities are not extinguished by getting the vote. The merits of the State are strictly derivative."

Conservatism a Practical Philosophy

LET us be clear, then, on one fundamental fact. Conservatism is not a creed of abstractions: it seeks on the other hand to provide a framework within which, and within which alone, men's concrete and natural loyalties and energies can find fulfilment. Circumstances alter cases, but they do not alter human instincts. In any state of social development the need is for a framework of laws and institutions strong to foster those loyalties which bring out the best and to repress those desires which bring out the worst in human nature. As circumstances change, so must the framework change, but the purpose behind all political change is single and constant, if the Conservative philosophy be true, as it is proved true by the lesson of history, the principles of morality and the knowledge derived from scientific inquiry.

The Real World Causes of Unemployment

IN so far as there are world causes for unemployment, they are to be found in the world-wide popularity of a philosophy inconsistent with the facts of human nature. To that extent they are right who point out that certain Protectionist countries have as much unemployment as we have and that therefore Protection *per se* cannot be the cure for unemployment. The world cause is the attempt of democratic States to impose an arbitrary standard of living not related to the individual effort of the individuals who compose the State. They begin by restricting production and end in an incredibly short time by restricting consumption. Then, in desperation, they try to restore the balance by restricting the number of consumers. This vicious circle of declining prosperity is nothing new. We are faced again with the prospect of a progressive depopulation such as has marked

the decline of every great civilization—marked it as the cause, however, and not as the effect. No doubt the statesmen of Babylon, of Tyre and Sidon, of Greece, and of Rome and of Carthage talked as glibly as we do to-day of "world causes." But we who are the heirs of history have no excuse for our own blindness.

Our Great Danger: Mr. Lloyd George

To restore political sanity is thus the first task of the Conservative Party. It is a task requiring all our loyalties and all our enthusiasm, and it cannot be carried through while the leaders of the party are occupied from day to day in public squabbles about minor matters. At the moment the banks are lent up to the extreme limit of their resources. Without inflation on a ruinous scale the policy of bribes, doles and relief works cannot be carried on. If it could be, the crisis would be postponed only for a year or so. Yet there are signs that in the pursuit of a transient electoral advantage the Liberal and Labour parties are preparing an emergency campaign of profligate expenditure on so-called public works. How far the Labour understanding with Mr. Lloyd George has gone no one knows. But it is potentially the most sinister fact on the industrial horizon. And that is saying a good deal.

Work Tests

AFTER words, figures. The Trade Returns for April are the lowest since 1926. Compared with April of last year, exports fell by £10,449,000 and imports of raw materials by £10,238,000. It is this last figure which is the ominous sign of a decreased productivity, and justifies the gloomy prognostication of a rise in the unemployment figure from 1,700,000 to over 2,000,000 in the near future. The only saving grace of these times is the infallible correspondence between the statistics which are supplied to us in such profusion and the deductions which any clear thinking man must make from the policy of the Government. Last month we gave some figures relating to health insurance which showed so clearly that the Government Actuary could not do less than point the moral, that the progressing demoralization of the public was rapidly ruining the finance of the Health Insurance Fund. This month we should like to draw attention to an illuminating report issued by the Ministry of Health

on the relation between the numbers of able-bodied unemployed seeking relief from Boards of Guardians who insist on a work test, and the numbers applying in similar areas where there is no work test.

Here are the figures for six representative unions in the north :

Union.	No. per 10,000 of population of unemployed outdoor poor and their dependants, September, 1929.	Increase or decrease during September, 1929, as compared with September, 1928.		Unemployed persons on registers as percentage of the insured population.	Increase or decrease in the percentage as compared with September, 1928.
		Per 10,000 of population.	Expressed as a percentage.		
Test-work.					
Middlesbrough	111	— 76	−40·6	11·1	−6·4
Hartlepool ..	149	— 108	−42·0	20·9	−5·7
South Shields	254	— 93	−26·8	22·3	−4·7
No Test-work.					
Chester-le-Street	221	+ 45	+25·6	12·7	−8·3
Houghton-le-Spring	142	+ 10	+ 7·6	8·6	−2·5
Sunderland ..	518	+ 40	+ 8·4	18·2	−8·7

THESE figures are very striking, but are only what would be expected. Their importance is not so great so far as the relief of the able-bodied unemployed are concerned, because the great majority of the unions (or, as they now are, Public Assistance Committees) insist on some form of test work, but it is very considerable in its bearing on the unemployment problem as a whole. Until only those who are qualified by their contributions to the Unemployment Fund are allowed to draw benefits, those benefits cannot be adequately increased. Once this is done, the essential change can be introduced that no man in receipt of benefit can draw out-relief for himself or his family or dependants, and that the whole of those not qualified for benefits must draw relief from the public assistance offices, and from no other source. When this change is made, as it will be out of bare justice to the regular contributors to the unemployment fund, the problem of making relief conditional on work done will become all-important. The Report on Test Work (Cmd. 3585 of 1930) is a valuable document which should be closely studied, less for the rather ambiguous remarks which Mr. Greenwood contributes than for the able and sincere contributions of the Ministry's Inspectors.

Our Duty to the Unemployed

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Notes from Paris

By Roland Atkinson

Waiting Without Seeing.—For summer days, these are quiet days in French politics. Generally, political activity warms up with the weather; just the contrary to the moods of Britain. July is rather a favourite month for crises, and preparations for the crises of July—the plotting and bargaining, and the advance sharing-out of the prospective spoils—is executed in June. But for the past month there has been nothing of this, not even the faintest whisper which would suggest that anybody is contemplating the idea of trying to disturb the phenomenal restfulness of M. Tardieu's *fauteuil*. Restfulness, I mean, in the sense of freedom from assault. M. Tardieu being that rare thing among politicians, a worker as well as talker, would not desire any other form of restfulness and he is profiting by the uncombativeness of the traditional adversaries to get on with the people's business. The others, would-be leaders and habitual intriguers, are following a policy of what would be Wait and See, if there were anything to see. As there isn't, perhaps we may be bold and call it inertia.

No Troops and no Leaders.—Whatever one calls it, it is probably beneficial to the country. One of the greatest weaknesses of French politics is that so very few Governments are ever allowed to *do* anything. Mostly, a Ministry's life is too short, and when it is prolonged a little, it is usually by a fight for life which absorbs all the energy that might be devoted to useful employment. Maybe the present extraordinary calm is due to a realization by the customary time-wasters that the public is in no humour for this out-of-date form of entertainment. Should that be so, it is a distinct gain to France. But one fears that the hope is exaggerated. Anyhow, many of the Old Gangers must surely have come to appreciate that they have no troops who could be relied on to follow them. And to the impartial onlooker it is increasingly obvious that there is an unprecedented scarcity of leaders, even of the second-rate variety that has thrust itself to

the front since the war. M. Poincaré, M. Herriot, even M. Briand, have virtually retired from the old political game, as it used to be played. M. Tardieu clearly prefers practical work to Lobbying. This leaves only M. Léon Blum—the tactician of the Socialists—in the field of manœuvres, for M. Daladier, the titular head of the Radical-Socialists, is but a pale shadow of his old chiefs and this shadow is usually cast in just the wrong places; while over on the other wing M. Louis Marin has almost ceased to be even a rallying point for the Last-Ditchers. It must be many years since the poverty of French political leadership was so glaringly apparent. British political leaders appear rather wan and worn, but, apart from M. Tardieu, France is perhaps even worse off.

T'other Dear Charmer.—The strange case of those who do not know what to do, or which way to turn, was underlined by the one purely political event of the month, M. Tardieu's repeating at Dijon that he would welcome the collaboration of the Radical-Socialists whenever they cared to join him. M. Herriot, emerging from the backwoods which he now seems to prefer, apparently sought to show his disdain of the offer—by proposing an active revival of the alliance between Radical-Socialists and Socialists. The old Radical leader having affirmed that he could see charms only on his Left, it then became the turn of M. Blum to say what the Socialists felt about the proposal of the Radicals and if M. Herriot were disdainful towards M. Tardieu, M. Blum was contemptuous at the expense of M. Herriot. M. Blum also can see attractions only on his Left wing. The Radicals count for him but so far as he can devour their advanced sections. Altogether, everybody seems to be looking to the Left, and succeeding only in being left. There is welcome for all—on their Right—but every Group leader has a preference for the other side, where he is unwanted.

The American Tariffs.—Serious concern has been aroused in France by the passing of the United States Tariff Bill. Until the very last moment it was hoped that something would occur which would prevent adoption of such drastic proposals and in certain quarters in Paris there was almost a feeling of glee when the

succession of " slumps " on Wall Street led to a hope that there might be eleventh hour American hesitation. When the Bill was eventually signed, dismay was consequently the more acute. Undoubtedly, French commercial and manufacturing circles have reason for anxiety. Although it is not yet possible to calculate precisely how the new duties will operate against French trade—the revised scales have an appearance of obscurity that looks intentional—the French export dealers have cause to anticipate that they will receive a severe blow. Somehow, Paris had come to believe that the United States market, in which French exporters had been doing rather well, was one that would continue to expand. Hence, the increased severity of the shock. Yet there had been signs which ought to have led Paris to see that the Americans were preparing for counter-moves. The intense activity of the American Customs agents, who were so aggressively insistent on inspecting the books of French exporting houses despite the obvious ill-feeling provoked, should have awakened Paris to a realization that a check to trade-extension was being prepared.

Desire for Reprisals.—Alone the lace-manufacturers of Calais took steps while they still had time in their favour. Not only did they organize a " ruined town " demonstration of the sort that reacts on impressionable American mass-opinion, but more covertly they were able to let American motor-car manufacturers know that they would be made to " pay the consequences " in the French market. The American tariff commissioners had another look at the lace duties and discovered they did not need to increase them as much as they had originally thought. And the Americans are under a delusion if they imagine that the French will quietly submit to the other increases which affect them merely because the new schedules have been finally adopted. When the French have carefully worked out how they are likely to suffer, they will take determined action to bring about a change. They do not recognize that anything is final in the matter of tariffs. They have had vast experience in this regard. I should not be the least surprised to see them engage in a vigorous tariff war with the United States. They have often had such a contest with their immediate neighbours

and they have not generally lost. I have known the frontiers piled up with perishable goods for days, with immense loss to French traders; but the authorities would not give way until they had secured an acceptable agreement. And they always have public opinion with them in such an encounter. A fight of this character makes a popular appeal to the French temperament. And if there were a tariff conflict with the United States, it would command fervent support in comparison with such minor struggles as those with Spain and Italy. Few Frenchmen ever forget for longer than a week the question of the war debt to the United States. The Tariff Bill has renewed the smart. Almost immediately the French Tariff Committee spoke of abolishing the most-favoured-nation clause in respect of American imports. We may see the greatest tariff war in history if Paris becomes really aroused.

The Last Chance

By "X"

Is it yet apparent to the Conservative general staff, even after the Caxton Hall meeting on June 24, that the disorganization in the party does not really arise from varieties of interpretation of this or that article of the official Conservative creed as at present enunciated, or from the personal animosities or ambitions of individual followers? Do they attribute the lack of cohesion solely or chiefly to the influence of the Press-peers upon a semi-educated and intellectually indolent electorate? If so, they are gravely mistaken. Such disruptive influence as Lord Beaverbrook may have exercised has, no doubt, been due partly to a vague, general feeling in a section of the public that, whatever his crusade may mean, at any rate he believes in it himself. But the truth, I am convinced, is that the "Crusade" is a symptom and not a cause of the trouble in the Conservative Party. Let me recall a passage from Rudyard Kipling's story of the Mother-Hive:

> "Why, this isn't a hive! This is a museum of curiosities," said the Voice behind the Veil. . . .
>
> "Can you blame 'em, father?" said a second voice. "It's rotten with wax-moth. See here!" . . .
>
> "Aren't you confusing *post hoc* with *propter hoc?*" said the Bee Master. "Wax-moth only succeed when weak bees let them in."

I am not concerned now with questions of the effect upon Conservative candidates at a general election of opposition to the party by Lords Rothermere and Beaverbrook and their newspapers. The open challenge to the party organization as well as to the leader made last month would never have been issued at all if Conservative generalship had not been weak. Since Britain is controlled to-day by head-counting machinery, many might no doubt have been frightened or flattered by the "popular" press into abstaining from the polls or even voting Socialist and thus preventing a Conservative victory next time. But the solid Conservative phalanx

would have remained, to win presently, with or without the assistance of the Press-Lords.

When the sun rose, Veiled Figures came down and saw their swarm at the bough's end waiting patiently within sight of the old Hive—a handful, but prepared to go on.

The real anxiety in the phalanx to-day, whereof the uncertain attitude even of some local Conservative Associations is symptomatic, is not mainly lest owing to press-opposition they should lose the next election but lest even if they should win the next election—perhaps narrowly—it should be the last victory which ever will be won in this country under Conservative colours. There are very many who believe that this is Conservatism's Last Chance, and they are not convinced that there is the grit and determination necessary to exploit it. This thesis could be worked out in detail, but it may suffice for my present purposes to suggest that the Socialist Party must and will gain in technique by experience, and it is in the technique of administration that they are and know themselves to be lacking. They would not otherwise so readily absorb into their front rank Liberals who are obviously not Socialists at heart, thus arousing the indignation or at least bitter disappointment of veteran trade-union leaders who see favours and profitable employment conferred upon Liberals, while they themselves are left unrewarded, though without their tireless energy and organization the Socialist Party itself could never have attained Governmental stature and status. I do not mean that by experience the Socialist Party will attain moderation of aims, and thus become identifiable with a sort of Extreme-Radicalism whose methods Conservatives might indeed distrust and desire to defeat, but whose character as a genuinely national party they might trust hardly less than in old days they really trusted Liberalism. I do not believe that the Socialist Party is capable of that kind of evolution. It is a favourite theory, I am aware, of some writers upon contemporary political problems. *Experientia docet*, they argue. Socialists in office will learn the impracticability of their street-corner theories; Socialist ministers will become more and more the pupils of the permanent officials in their departments who are

the trained exponents, not of picturesque theories but of remorseless facts. If that were true, the country might go through a difficult and dangerous period while these newcomers to administrative responsibility were learning to cease butting their heads against brick walls, but it would survive. Unfortunately, unless I am much mistaken, the theory is untrue. What is doubtless true is that Socialists will learn—are slowly learning—to pursue their real aims with reasonable diplomatic tact, to adjust their methods to the country's traditions, and to undermine existing institutions which they hate, instead of trying to overthrow them *vi et armis*. It is mainly the impatience of those of their supporters to whom they have promised an earthly paradise at short notice which compels them, probably with reluctance, to make frontal attacks such as successive experiences prove to be unwise. The longer their experience, the more adept they become at using for their own anti-national and anti-social purposes machinery and even ideas deliberately constructed or slowly evolved to serve national and imperial aims. Nor is their adoption and adaptation of such machinery and ideas pure camouflage. They are not merely doing lip-service to Empire Trade or to the cause of agricultural rehabilitation in order that evident lack of interest in these causes may not handicap them with the electorate. They care nothing whatever for agricultural communities and their votes because they never have derived and never will derive their political strength from them. Therefore they gain nothing from pretence of interest in agriculture. They want Governmental control of imported agricultural produce, not in order to provide protection for farmers in this country but as a means of smashing the private traders, wholesale and retail, who now import and distribute them, and also as a means of employing national credit to assist those in other countries with whom, as internationalists, they are in alliance, and who share their real aims.

The point, therefore, which I desire to emphasize is that the very machinery—the methods and means—whereby Conservatives desire to re-establish British national prosperity on the basis of its existing social and

constitutional basis, and to reintegrate and strengthen the Empire as a unitary force to maintain peace—its greatest single requirement—and to compel proper treatment for all nationals under the flag, are being used and will be used by Socialists to further their own anti-national, anti-social and anti-imperial purposes.

There is, in my opinion, no shadow of doubt that in the autumn or early winter of 1928, the Conservative Government, if they had seized their opportunity, could have brought such pressure to bear upon the Soviet Authorities that they could have obtained from them conditions for a settlement of outstanding debts and for future economic and political relations which would have redounded to the credit of the Government and the long-lasting advantage of this country. Moreover, that—unless I am very much mistaken—could have been done almost without any positive action by the Conservative Government themselves. I do not want to re-open that controversy on which, in any case, others are much better informed than I was or am. But what is plain is that the Socialist Government have "stolen the thunder" which the Conservative Government might have employed. Of course they have not used it to any real British advantage; they were never in a position to do so, even if they desired. But up and down the country they are to-day proclaiming the success of their policy as regards Russia because certain orders are coming in on the basis of credits guaranteed by the British Government. A considerable number of orders can, no doubt, be obtained on those conditions. But if the opportunity available eighteen months ago had been seized—or rather if the seizure had not been impeded—those orders could have been obtained and more also, while the Government of Russia would to-day have been under the influence of a much less hostile oligarchy. In other words, we might really have begun to rehabilitate a sane or moderately sane Russia instead of merely assisting a definitely hostile Third International. But that is past history. All I desire to do is to indicate by it how the Socialist Government exploit for their own ends an opportunity which Conservatives could have used in the national interest.

I have already referred to the agricultural situation. I have suggested that the Socialists are prepared to exploit a situation for their own ends which Conservatives apparently believe should operate solely to their credit. The present Government hope somehow to secure a Government import monopoly of agricultural produce. The Consumers' Council is intended to enable them so to whip up public opinion that it will support Government expropriation or at least control of the great importing organizations, and then, since these evidently work at minimal profit, to proceed to control distribution. I believe that I am right in saying that the receipts from income tax will be kept up in this present year not from the taxation of productive industry but largely from the taxation of retail profits. The Government cannot be unaware of that fact, and they will probably employ it to persuade public opinion of the need for public control of the large retail concerns. If it be recalled that in the ranks of their supporters—and advisers—is Mr. E. F. Wise, until recently and for aught I know to this day one of the foreign economic advisers to the Soviet Government, and an ardent advocate of Government control of cereal imports, I suppose it must be sufficiently obvious in what direction we should look at least for one danger of Socialist misuse of the agricultural issue.

Closely related to the Agricultural issue is that of Imperial trade. A great deal of fuss has been made of a memorandum of Trade Union authorities dealing with this subject. The Trade Union inquiry can hardly have failed to take account of the dismal failure of Mr. Graham, Miss Bondfield and others to secure at Geneva international European agreements beneficial to British industrial workers, in respect of wages, or hours, or other conditions of labour. But the investigators must also have seen that there is a greater chance of approximation of Continental conditions behind a more or less uniform system of tariff barriers than there is of a similar approximation between British and Continental conditions. If the choice lies, as it almost certainly does, between a definite Continental association and an Imperial association, the Trade Union experts would be compelled to choose the Imperial as offering a

greater chance of more or less equalizing production conditions. They would advocate it not for Imperial reasons but as a matter, almost, of regrettable necessity, recognizing that it runs counter to the Continentalism which commands the favour, while it flatters the vanity, of our Hendersons, Grahams, Bondfields and other Governmental sentimentalists. Any Imperial agreements arrived at by the Socialist Government under such impulse would be hedged round by all sorts of provisions to prevent their appearing or being impediments to that Second-Internationalism, or Continentalism, which is to-day the guiding principle of Socialist foreign policy, economic and diplomatic. But this does not prevent the Socialist Government from making great play with their preparations for the Imperial Conference this year, and it does not prevent practically the whole of the popular press from welcoming and advertising Mr. J. H. Thomas's appointment as chief advance organizer of the Conference, as though this in itself were enough to guarantee the genuinely Imperialist policy of the present Government. It is as neat a piece of thunder-stealing as ever was perpetrated.

Now these facts, this general situation, cannot, I think, be other than obvious to many thousands of Conservatives. They amount, as I suggested at the outset, to a seizure by the Socialists for their own ultimate aims of the machinery which Conservatives expect to use for national and truly imperial ends. The result, having in mind the mental inertia and general disinclination to look deeply into any situation of a very large percentage of the electorate, may easily be that the Socialists will "get away with it." If they do, they will ruin this country and destroy the unitary character of the Empire beyond hope of repair. Conservatism has just one remaining chance of using the machinery and employing a heaven sent opportunity, due in part to Socialist clumsiness and—let us be frank—to a considerable extent also to adverse world-conditions which help to expose that clumsiness and incapacity to handle public affairs. If that chance is missed, Socialists may get their desired majority and the hope of recovery through a Conservative administration may have vanished for ever. Industrialists know

that well enough: "the City" and finance generally can scarcely be less aware of it. But the feeling that this is the last chance, and that owing to Conservative inertia and indecision it is being actually stolen by Socialists, has now, at last, pervaded a considerable number of local Conservative organizations and a very large number of individual Conservative enthusiasts. The machinery is available, the circumstances are favourable. But can any Conservative honestly descry the determination to use them and the constructive strategy which they should serve? In other words, can anybody to-day state what is Conservative policy? Take the question of food-taxes. I believe that the Editor of this REVIEW has more than once declared that he would be perfectly prepared to advocate a tax on foreign-grown food even if it did involve an increase of price on the ground that the additional cost to industrial workers would be much more than compensated by the increased demand for industrial products of the country areas and therefore increased wages and, which is equally important, increased security of wages. Security of wages, especially of skilled workers, cannot be unimportant when skilled engineers, for example, who should be earning anything up to £10 a week or more in their own trade, accept much lower wages as municipal employees simply because the wage is "safe." But has anybody thought out the question of food taxes at all? Unless I misunderstood the Caxton Hall speeches, that question is itself in abeyance, the hope being that the Imperial Conference held this year, with a Socialist Government in power, will kindly assist the Conservative Party by throwing light on it. Again, there is a great deal of loose talk about "Imperial rationalization", which presumably means the scrapping by the Dominions of some of their less important nascent industries in return for an Imperial monopoly or preferential position as regards others. But has the Conservative party—apart, perhaps, from a few individuals—a vestige of an idea in what industries that scheme can operate? Personally, I am acquainted with no single published attempt to illustrate the principle by practical examples.

The Caxton Hall meeting left the Referendum question

in abeyance, as it was bound to do, since it did not and could not settle the question of food taxes. But the meeting supported Mr. Baldwin's challenge to the Press-peers. Has anybody yet suggested how the Conservative Party is to win a victory against the whole weight of their newspapers, since, apparently, their support is definitely rejected? Is it yet understood that if there had been strong leadership after 1916 instead of paroxystic attempts to forestall Socialist election bribery, the Press-peers challenge would never have been issued at all?

In short, it does not appear to me—and I am certain it does not appear to tens of thousands of other Conservatives—that there really is a strategy which does anything more than trust to luck. Lord Beaverbrook said recently that he was not in the least concerned merely to put a Conservative Government as such into power. He wanted to help into power a programme. Scores of industrial leaders and thousands of industrial workers instinctively have the same feeling. They will not trouble to support a party which is merely concerned to get into power and then "see what can be done." Five years is not a long time, especially when there is so much disastrous lee-way to make good. And unless the next Conservative Government is ready to act at once on lines thought out in detail—without any hesitation and without any concern as to the following election—it is as certain as anything can be that it will be the last Conservative Government of this country.

Since writing the above I have been informed that Mr. H. G. Williams has compiled, and the Conservative Central Office has just issued, a small pamphlet on Imperial Rationalization, giving some specific instances of its possible application. It may be hoped that he will find opportunity of detailed elaboration.

The Reform of Parliament

By Serjeant A. M. Sullivan, K.C.

An unpleasant feeling of uncertainty and discomfort is spreading through all classes of the British Community. The promise of a Prime Minister that the result of war would be an increase of employment has not been redeemed by the facts. The joyous months when a Coalition made itself popular by printing Treasury notes and piling up public debt have not yet been paid for. The widespread and deep-founded belief that there is unlimited wealth in Britain, on which a leisurely population can subsist indefinitely, is not quite as comforting as it used to be, though extravagrance in all forms of idle luxury exceeds all records of the past, and motor selling and cinema multiplication rank as "industries."

The truth that there is something radically wrong with the State, and that pre-war Britain can never come back from the hideous insanity of the war, is being whispered where men can speak in confidence one to another. There is only one place from which enunciation of unpleasant truth is barred, and that place is ironically named the Parliament, the place where truths affecting the national existence are supposed to be proclaimed and discussed.

The legislators themselves individually whisper in private what all thoughtful persons are whispering: that the world has changed, that the war has changed Britain's position in the world, that the trade depression is not a passing phase, that the community cannot maintain its present standard of idleness and extravagance, that a nation cannot get out of the world more than it contributes by its industry, and that the British people must produce exchangeable goods at exchangeable prices, if they are to escape starvation.

No speaker in Parliament has dared to say that the electors must do more work and spend less on amusement in order that the population of this island can continue to live on it. All the great statesmen are prepared to contradict this fact, and all party organizations agree in assuring the public that increased extravagance and decreased labour will eventually lead the State to prosperity.

This lamentable state of affairs is caused by the

present parliamentary system, which represents the negation of the fundamental principles of Parliament, and substitutes a clumsy attempt to govern by mob emotion for a system that was designed to bring together genius, learning and experience in the service of the State. There is no need to go back to the early history of the body that eventually became the legislature to appreciate that the knights whom "girt with swords" Queen Victoria desired to be selected and sent to her Palace of Westminster, ninety-three years ago, were meant to be men in truth and in fact "of the most fit and discreet" of those who could be found. They were to be summoned to a conference in which their advice upon the public affairs of the realm was to be sought and to be considered. There is no trace in the Sheriff's Writ of the present-day theory that a general election should result in the selection of several hundred animated ballots, stamped with the proprietorship of one clique or another, warranted free of discretion and mechanically reliable. Void of counsel, unconsulted, they are cast into this division lobby or into that by order of the man or the group to whose service they are blindly committed.

There has, in fact, taken place within the past fifty years a revolutionary change in the constitution of the realm, and in the position of Parliament, as complete and as far-reaching as was effected by the banishment of the Stuarts. The Reform Act of 1832 paved the way. It represented an advance of public sentiment hostile to the "governing class" of the day, and within twenty years this sentiment was in process of perversion into a sentiment of hostility to the existence of any "governing class." In practice, however, there survived the influence of the great gentry, in whom had been bred for generations appreciation of the duty to fit themselves by conscientious education for guiding the affairs of the nation. The House of Lords, which should have been not only officially, but morally, the model of unselfish training in public service, was debased by inflexible heredity, and waned in proportion as the thoughtful gentlemen of England made the House of Commons wonderful. For the House of Commons was wonderful, and it was wonderful because it was dominated by that high sense of laborious service of intellect which can be cultivated only by the few who have the opportunity and time to study the difficult and complex problems of the

government of a people, and who have the intelligence to understand and the courage and the genius to solve them. Even in a country fortunately endowed with great seats of learning, and with educational institutions hallowed by inspiring tradition, men who are truly fit to be legislative counsellors of the sovereign must be rare, and the persons who are capable of appreciating their worth must be limited to comparatively small communities grouped around their friends and acquaintances. A governing class must exist, if representative institutions are to be instruments of liberty. The abolition of independent representatives of training and experience, and the effort of untrained, inexperienced millions to govern an empire by direct control of selected servants, is utterly wrong, and is hastening England to destruction.

If, therefore, in truth the assembly at Westminster has ceased to function as a parliament, if it has become an institution for the suppression of unpleasant truth rather than for the frank discussion of remedy for diseases of the body politic, it is worth while to inquire into the causes that have diverted this titular protector of liberty from the time-honoured doctrine that truth shall make us free. The Irish Party began the work of intellectual destruction. In 1885, the National League, with its immense American resources, established its domination over the Home Rule movement by imposing upon it the agrarian policy of the Land League. The forms of democratic procedure were observed in the holding of "conventions" to select a Nationalist candidate in each constituency, but with few exceptions these candidates were prescribed by the central executive of the League, who nominated the "chairman" of each convention. The selected candidate was required to sign a pledge "to sit, act and vote" with the Irish Party. A large number of the resultant M.P.s were further limited in their opinions by the fact that their means of livelihood was their parliamentary allowance from the Nationalist fund, and when difference of opinions manifested itself, the opinions of the controllers of the fund ultimately prevailed. The Irish Party is usually spoken of as an effective parliamentary machine. It was the direct opposite. It was an effective anti-parliamentary machine designed and used to discredit and destroy the authority of the assembly in which it took part. If consideration be accorded to the proceedings at Westminster between 1885 and 1890,

thoughtful men will perceive that a body nominally elected, but effectively chosen and controlled by an endowed clique, is a greater menace to liberty than was the dreaded standing army of the Stuarts. It has been the aim of every political junta to model its party upon the basis of the Irish dictatorship, careless of the fact that such a body must in its essence be hostile to the constitutional tradition of Parliament. It was the Irishmen who first discovered that an assembly of hundreds of English gentlemen by exasperation and excitement could be infected as a mob. It was a section of the Irishmen who, by mob behaviour, sought to keep educated gentlemen out of the ranks of their party.

If his education and culture procure for him no more consideration than is accorded to the mere party puppet, it is difficult to see what purpose an educated gentleman serves by spending his nights and days listening to conventional diatribes, or walking through the lobbies. Under the present party system only a few men are allowed to address the House; the rest have to waste their time addressing questions to Ministers, in order to amuse constituents, and awaiting orders to vote.

The House of Commons is deprived of its parliamentary position by the absurd number of its members, and by the servitude imposed upon those members by the chains of Party Organization. The reduction of numbers and the breaking-down of party servility are two obvious problems that await solution.

Reduction of numbers seems to involve increase of the size of the constituencies, and already their size is such that only immensely wealthy organizations can put up candidates to contest them. Enlargement of the constituency enlarges the influence of the party machine, and machine control is the greater of the two obvious evils. No one except an irresponsible dictator can restrict a franchise once established. At first glance, the problem of the six hundred automatons appears insoluble.

The most important of all problems is the restoration of intellectual independence to Members of Parliament. The tyranny of the party is reinforced by the tyranny of the millions of ignorant people who have been utterly demoralized by competitive assurances that government can give everybody everything he likes. *If there is one thing that is absolutely certain, it is that the nation cannot be saved, except by measures that the electorate will not*

like at all. What the electorate would like is still more doles and still less work. So long as direct representation exists, and until the shadow of famine calls a halt, all parties will go on increasing doles and discouraging work. The electorate would have overthrown any Government on the issue of conscription, and the electorate would have lost the war. It is quite clear that a community of tobacco addicts will not willingly elect a legislature that would suppress the use of tobacco; opium addicts will not vote for prohibitors of opium; and an electorate drugged with the narcotic of subsidized idleness will not vote for any party that is likely to enforce the ancient ordinance of labouring as a condition to eating. People who are enjoying comfortable leisure in an island where leisure is supposed to be compatible with prosperity are not likely to install an executive of men who may think it necessary to recommend the transference of the new leisured class to portions of the Empire where hard work alone will win a livelihood. In England, it appears to an outsider almost impossible to contemplate the return to power by direct vote of a party under whose rule trade unions would be amenable to the same law as that to which all other organizations must bow.

Yet it is not inconceivable that a free Parliament of the wisest and truly "most discreet" counsellors of the nation might come to the conclusion that the very existence of the greater mass of the population of this overcrowded island depends on the abolition of many of the pleasing features of the social order of the day, and upon the enforcement of drastic measures by which men may be induced to work harder and to waste less, and the able-bodied who are unemployable in the island may be compelled to migrate and to bear the burden of the development of the vast spaces now profitless to man. Private conversation with many of the legislators of to-day reveals grave misgiving as to the possibility of maintaining the present standard of existence among the people of England. The burden of unemployment is growing, as the economists predicted. There are many who are whispering the fearsome suggestion that there are now under existing conditions of labour, and of taxation, two million people, and in a few years there must be five million, for whom profitable occupation can not again be found. There is no sign in any portion of the globe of any change of affairs that will make Great

Britain busy, upon any terms other than British production of goods at competitive world prices. The trade unions and the tax-gatherers are all hostile to changes that might make this possible, and under our present parliamentary system trade unions and tax-gatherers dominate the legislature, while the parties outbid one another in proposals for further extravagances that must make the supply of profitable labour still more difficult.

That Parliament cannot control labour or trade unions under the present system is obvious, since no party can obtain office without commanding the majority of workers' votes. What is less realized is that Parliament has completely lost control of taxation. Social experiments have to be tried at the dictation of the demoralized electorate, against the better judgment of the ministers who propose them, and these social experiments all cost money. The cost has long ceased to be a matter which Parliament can restrict. All public services are supposed to be under the supervision and command of a responsible minister, but when it comes to the regulation of cost, every minister is helpless in his dealings with his permanent officials, and the permanent officials are helpless in their dealings with their staffs. The system of " estimates " is a complete surrender to the Civil and military servants of the State of the powers of taxation. No minister in the time at his disposal could master the details of the organization that he is supposed to control. As the time for estimates approaches, the most he can do is to implore his permanent officials to cut things down. The permanent officials all appreciate that whatever they declare to be their irreducible minimum must be accepted by the minister, who cannot check it, must be passed by the Cabinet, and must be swallowed by the House of Commons. The permanent officials also appreciate the fact that, if they are to remain on good terms with the staff of the department, they must not cut things down below what the staff will sanction. Economy that would be based on making the staff do a full day's work for a full day's pay might be defeated by the vested interests of a privileged class. The Cabinet may say, " We will not build a battleship," or, " We will drop a brigade of artillery and cut out a dozen tanks," but no Cabinet can say to a minister, " You must comb out fifteen per cent. of your staff "—the minister himself

would not know how to set about it, and his heads of sections would not help him. Accordingly, the permanent officials present to their harassed chief "estimates" loaded with a certain amount of charges that serve the purpose of being thrown out. A fierce and protracted negotiation throws them out; the minister and the permanent officials take great credit for the resultant economy, and the staff get what they were determined to have. It does not require any reform of Parliament to put an end to this nonsense. By a simple change of procedure, the Commons could insist on passing in the autumn a financial resolution fixing the maximum of the aggregate amounts for all public services for the next financial year. The Cabinet would have to allocate the amounts for each department. Instead of the permanent officials dictating to the minister the amount that they intend to spend, the minister would inform his officials that they will have to run the department on the sum allocated. Should they choose to say, "We can't do it," the answer is, "Then I must find officers who can."

In truth, there is no desire to effect economy. One of the urgent forces of public extravagance is the support of the ignorant, which can be purchased by a party that will find most jobs for its friends, and the dismissal of a gentleman who dozes in a Government office would be denounced as creating unemployment, if for the future he should doze at home, and he and the class he represents would vote against the Government that "axed" him. There is, at least, a substantial mass of evidence to support the view that the parlous condition of the State is largely caused, or at least greatly aggravated, by the absence of any independent body of true representatives whose untrammelled counsels might guide the realm. To re-constitute Parliament seems a daring suggestion, but someone must dare something in these times if he is to serve his fellow-men.

If constituencies were divided up so that none exceeded five thousand voters, a private gentleman by his own merits might well secure election without undertaking to be the puppet of any party. He might also act as an educator and a guide of those who elected him, mitigating the severity of change by teaching its necessity. A multitude of small constituencies would secure adequate representation of all phases of political opinion, and there would be no difficulty in so arranging things

that the number of voters in a rural constituency would be substantially less than in an urban constituency, thus giving the agricultural interest an influence proportionate to its importance.

But, if six hundred legislators can be made a mob, six thousand should be ten times worse, and if the local demagogue can make life a misery to the elected of ninety thousand, the pressure of the self-important inhabitants of a four thousand votes' area might be irresistible It is therefore clear that the six thousand are not to be a legislative body. At the present day the six hundred are not a legislative body. They either themselves select, or they have imposed upon them by the machine, three or four small groups, less than one hundred members in all, who take part in the process of legislation. Five hundred do nothing but vote, except when they hold up the public service by questioning ministers about parochial affairs. It would not be a serious change to confine the exercise of legislative functions to one hundred or one hundred and fifty of the persons elected by the new constituencies; but, instead of loafing about division lobbies, the non-legislative mass might well be dismissed from attendance.

The six thousand might be divided into thirty groups, not necessarily of identical number, and, by proportional representation each group might select five of its members to be legislators, and legislative members only should be allowed to sit, act and vote. By this device the truest representatives of the public thought of the nation would form the Parliament. Their numbers would not deprive the assembly of the power of real deliberation. The legislators would not be directly dependent upon mob approval or upon party machine for their position; they would enjoy an independence and a moral authority to do what they believed to be right, of which the present system deprives all members. Reckless election pledges would be discouraged, for the primary election would be for membership of a college, and the only honest pledge that could be given by anyone would be the undertaking to vote for the five best men that might be found in the local group.

It all sounds astonishing, but it will be still more astonishing if the present parliamentary system should develop the courage and the authority to stop the rot.

The British Lazzaroni:*

A Post-War Phenomenon

By the Bishop of Durham

TEN years' residence in an important industrial district, the County of Durham, has led me to conclusions which are indicated by the title of my address. I propose to divide my observations into two parts. In the first, I shall consider the actual situation in the country; in the next, our present treatment of the unemployed. The conclusion which I shall reach will be that we are transforming a multitude of potentially admirable citizens into a mass of chronically idle, economically valueless, and socially mischievous persons. These, I apprehend that it is neither unfair nor misleading to describe by a well-known word, borrowed from Southern Italy, as "*lazzaroni.*" The Oxford Dictionary admits the word into the English language, and gives its meaning as "one of the lowest class of Naples, who lounge about the streets, living by odd jobs or by begging." The word appears to have come into use as a description of English folk at the end of the eighteenth century, when the novelist, Charlotte Smith, spoke of "*the lazzaroni of England.*" These, however, as they now exist, form a new fact in our national experience, and are, indeed, a post-war phenomenon.

Let me begin by a few words of personal explanation. Even if, which is certainly not the case, I were disposed to ignore the formidable questions which unemployment is raising for the humane and thoughtful citizen, it would be impossible for me to do so. I live in the heart of a mining community. On all sides of me are pits, some recently closed for good, some working intermittently. My episcopal work requires that I should be frequently traversing the county, and everywhere I must perforce observe crowds of unemployed men, standing aimlessly at the street corners, or crouching in characteristic

* An Address given by Dr. Hensley Henson at the Individualist Luncheon, June 18, and printed by his kind permission.

pitman's attitude by the road-sides, or waiting in long queues for the "dole" which maintains them. If from the mining districts I pass to the ship-building centres, I am still confronted by the same spectacle of unemployment. I never miss an opportunity of inquiring about these men, talking personally with them, and trying to understand their ways of thinking and feeling. In order to correct or to confirm my personal impressions, I wrote to eight incumbents in my diocese, men of character and experience, in whose judgment I had full confidence, and who were well-informed as to the facts. I may observe in passing that an incumbent of an industrial parish is singularly, perhaps uniquely, well placed for forming a just estimate of the personal and social effects of economic developments. He lives continuously among the people: he knows their home life: and is well acquainted with their normal habit. He is disinterestedly concerned for their welfare as individuals; and his knowledge of the bearing of economic conditions on personal character is derived directly from his intercourse with the people who are his neighbours.

If I must acknowledge that my personal observations are practically confined to the County of Durham, I shall not think that my argument will be seriously affected, for the County of Durham provides a very fair sample of industrial Britain. Two of the staple industries of the country—coal-mining and ship-building—are there conspicuously presented; and the dominance of "Labour" in the political life of the county, as well general as local, has undoubtedly emphasized whatever is distinctive in post-war expedients for dealing with the terrifying problem of unemployment. Nearly 12 years have now passed since the Armistice (Nov. 11, 1918) brought the Great War to a close, and released from military service the millions of men who were serving in the Armies. We have hardly yet taken the full measure of the social and economic dislocation which the Great War occasioned. To bring back into productive industry the vast multitude of disbanded soldiers was a task of infinite complexity. That it was accomplished with so large a measure of success, and without a political revolution, is a remarkable evidence of the practical

good sense of the British people. It speedily became apparent, however, that there was no occupation available for nearly 2,000,000 men. The world had changed greatly during those four years of conflict. British markets abroad had been largely lost, and could only be recovered, if recovered at all, gradually. Moreover, the purchasing power of the civilized world had been so reduced by the prodigious destruction of wealth that, while the need for commodities was everywhere apparent, the effective demand was relatively meagre. The psychical mischief wrought by the War was not less baleful than the economic dislocation. The mind to work had been jeopardized, nay destroyed, hardly less than the power to buy. Everywhere among the populations of Europe there was a bitter, disillusioned, resentful temper, which provided a favourable soil for the anti-social doctrines which were widely distributed. A series of industrial conflicts retarded the revival of industry. During the ten years of my residence in Durham, two desolating strikes have taken place, of which the last, the so-called " General Strike " of 1926, was so protracted (the " general " strike being followed by the coal strike in connection with which it had been planned) that the very possibility of industrial recovery became doubtful. After 12 years we have in this country no less than 1,750,000 unemployed workers, and there seems small reason for thinking that it is likely that the number will grow less in the near future.

Unemployment was at first regarded generally as a temporary phenomenon, which would disappear automatically as trade improved, and might therefore be reasonably dealt with by the method known as " the dole." But, as time passed, we were compelled to realize that the question was not so simple. The old conditions of productive industry had largely passed away, and, in the future, industry would have to proceed under new and far more strenuous conditions. Competition for the world-markets would be far more severe, and the competitors would strive on equal terms. This momentous change bore with especial severity on Great Britain, which had long enjoyed a privileged position. Moreover, the application of science to industry was working a revolu-

tion in industrial methods. We have become familiar with a series of " blessed words," every one of which is both a slogan and an epitaph—mass production, standardization, mechanization, above all, rationalization. The series of articles on " Rationalization " in the *Times*, conveniently issued as a pamphlet by the British Steelwork Association, has made the course of recent economic development intelligible even to amateurs like myself.

Mr. Thomas tells us that " real rationalization means that efficiency is the order of the day, and waste is being eliminated." (*v.* the *Times*, June 13, 1930). " Brought down to its simplest terms," says the *Times* leader-writer, " rationalization is nothing more nor less than the technique of reducing costs." Now by far the principal item of the cost of production is the wages of the labourers, and effective economy must express itself in the wages-bill, not by reducing the rate of wages, which will rather be increased, but by reducing the number of labourers required.

The credit resources of big combines render possible large and frequent renewals of fixed capital and consequently enable the most modern labour-saving devices to be adopted on a scale which is impracticable for smaller units. (*v.* the *Times* leading article, May 12, 1930.)

A few weeks ago, through the kindness of my friend, Lord Londonderry, I had the opportunity of seeing a mechanical coal cutter at work in the magnificent new mine which, with characteristic enterprise and public spirit, and at a vast expenditure, he has recently added to the productive resources of Britain. As I watched this wonderful machine, guided by a single workman, I could not but reflect on the economy of human labour which it implied.

It is happily no longer necessary to be at the pains of showing that, however considerable may be the disturbance and distress occasioned by new developments of industrial method, the interest of the workmen is with respect to them precisely identical with that of the community itself. The maintenance of the State is a vital concern of the citizens as such, and of no section of them more apparently than of that which depends directly on the State for so much which is integral to

civic life. How shall the vast, complicated, and enormously costly system of popular education be extended, and maintained, the provision of medical assistance, insurance against unemployment, and old age pensions be assured, and the waxing cost of government, national and municipal, be met, if the State itself crumble and collapse? In an industrial community like ours the solvency and stability of the State turn on the prosperity of our great national industries. Rationalization, therefore, precisely because it is the condition under which alone British industry can hold its own and expand in the severely competitive modern world, is the clear interest of the workmen concerned. But in accepting rationalization, we also accept the necessity of discovering a solution of the problem which it creates. We may hold, I think that we ought to hold, that "labour-saving devices" do in the long run benefit "Labour." Not only is the heavier part of productive effort transferred from men to machines, but also commodities which labourers consume are greatly cheapened. But while this may be the case in the long run, it is not to be denied that the immediate result of introducing "labour-saving devices" into industry is to cast into unemployment all the men whose labour has been rendered superfluous. I doubt not that a principal, perhaps the main, cause of the large amount of unemployment in the United States of America and in Germany is the "rationalization" of industry which has proceeded farther in those countries than elsewhere. Therefore, and this is the only point which concerns my present argument, we have to regard unemployment, not as a temporary phenomenon which the revival of industrial prosperity will remove, but as a continuing and waxing factor which is integral to the process of industrial reconstruction. The recovery of British trade is not such a panacea as is commonly imagined. Increased production is quite compatible with lessened employment. There will be a permanent superfluity of workmen when the ideal of our industrial reformers shall have at last been realized, and rationalization shall have done its perfect work. It follows that mere maintenance of the unemployed workmen at the public cost, and the provision by the State of employment which is merely temporary—

methods which may be defensible enough when there is good reason for thinking that unemployment is no more than a passing phase—become indefensible, and even disastrous when the unemployment is known to be permanent. Then the main requisite is not the tiding over of a difficult interval, but the creation of wholly new kinds of employment.

At least the unemployed ought to be so treated that their working capacity may be conserved, in order that, whether reviving industry can absorb them, or some new employment can be created for them, they may be competent for their task.

"Is not the Life more than the Food, and the Body than the Raiment?"—that challenge in the mouth of the Great Teacher obviously admitted of but one answer. But in our treatment of those for whom the economic system provides no employment we are really, though unintentionally, and for the most part unconsciously, returning another. We are providing food and raiment, but in such wise that we are destroying personal character and social value.

When we come to consider the effect of our present method of dealing with the problem of unemployment, it is vitally important that we should have a clear notion in our minds as to the unemployed themselves, for the core of the problem lies precisely there. We are not merely, nor yet mainly, concerned with the less reputable elements of the working population, shiftless men of small economic value, who easily become unemployable. We are dealing with a multitude of excellent workmen, whose enforced idleness is seen to be a misfortune, and is bitterly resented as a humiliation. These men are as truly the victims of the Great War as the maimed and enfeebled soldiers who are justly pensioned by the State, and it is this fact, of course, which provides their moral claim to maintenance by the community. We are dealing also with numbers, recruited year by year from the elementary schools, of boys and adolescents, who at the most crucially important time of their lives, when physical vigour is established, when habits are formed, when ideals are embraced, and when economic efficiency is created, are subjected to an experience which imperils

health, depraves habits, destroys idealism, and disqualifies for social uses. *Corruptio optimi pessima.* The pregnant phrase of Tacitus often comes to my mind when I see, as I am compelled to see, the steady manufacture of brutalized hooligans and spiritless drones out of the best human material in the world.

Five ill-consequences of our present policy are becoming apparent. I will enumerate them adding a few comments.

I. The deterioration of good workmen by continuing idleness, and, what is its inevitable effect, the loss of that social consequence which is inseparable from regular work, and which forms the buttress and almost the condition of self-respect.

II. The withdrawal of the normal incentives to exertion. There is no longer any acknowledged connection between work and the rewards of work. On the dead level of public maintenance life is emptied of the normal motives for effort and sacrifice. There is a debased equality of universal dependence.

III. The discrediting of thrift by the abolition of all distinction between the thrifty and the thriftless. It is difficult to over-estimate the injury to society which this fact implies. Let me illustrate the point by quoting some words of the vicar of a mining parish, where the pits have been closed for over five years, and a large number of the people have been unemployed the whole time :

> My feelings have been deeply stirred to find the best of my congregation penalized because they live in their own houses. During the last few years their savings in the Stores, etc., have gone. The thriftless and indifferent are always in the same condition before and after strikes, etc. This is one of many cases. An old couple said to me the other day : " Ay, Vicar, if we were to start life together again, we wouldn't save." " Why? " " Because we can't get the dole or Parish help until we sell our home."

The same writer, a man of great intelligence and experience, continues :

> Look at it from the point of view of the relative amounts received by those on dole and those at work. There are men at work worse off than those on the dole. Take the miners here who are working at neighbouring mines. Their bus-fare is from 5s. to 7s. a week. The men at work need more food, clothing, etc. The wear and tear of boots and clothing is heavy in the case of the miner. In many

cases they realize, after careful calculation, that they are worse off than they would be on the dole. This ought to be remedied, or we shall continue to leave a powerful incentive to men to prefer, in many cases, the dole to work.

Many young men have no scruple in marrying on the dole. The old notion that marriage was a solemnly responsible matter, not to be entered upon lightly, but with due preparation, is disappearing. The process of recklessness is greatly assisted by the American method of instalment-payments for every conceivable thing, from houses to motor-cycles and clothes. All tends to strike in with the Socialist and Communist denunciations of thrift, and to create an atmosphere of irresponsibility infinitely unwholesome to individual character.

IV. The creation of a large depraved class of idle youths and young men, which constitutes an evil school into which successive generations of boys are introduced. Here is an extract from a letter describing the situation in a ship-building centre. I may observe that the writer has taken a prominent and most useful part in all public efforts concerned with the locally urgent problem of unemployment :

The impression made on my mind by my experience in this town, where the unemployment problem is very acute, is that the dole system is fostering idleness and killing initiative. This especially is the case of young men. One finds young men in bed at 11 a.m. reading the betting news; openly declaring that they are not looking for work because they are better off on the dole ! A large proportion of those who come to be married are on the dole, and seem to regard it as quite the natural thing to undertake the responsibilities of married life at the public expense. *There is growing up a class which regards work as an exception, idleness as the normal state.* The attitude of older men is quite different. They hate the condition of dependence and will do anything that offers itself.

To this I will add the following testimony from Tyneside :

There are men of 19 and 20 who have scarcely done five minutes' work since they left school, getting relief, who are known to lie in bed half the morning, who will not walk a mile to seek work and will not dream of leaving this country with the security of the dole.

The unprecedented scale of unemployment has unquestionably lessened the efficiency of the safeguards against the ancient evils which ever shadow every form of public relief.

V. The growth of a mass of citizens whose citizenship is entirely divorced from social service. To receive the dole and to vote at Parliamentary elections exhaust the civic functions of a large, and, I fear, increasing, proportion of the electorate of Great Britain. I submit that the fact cannot be disputed: that its gravity is extreme: and that, unless a serious effort is made to deal with it effectively, the future of Great Britain is perilously compromised.

It must be allowed to be a very unfortunate circumstance that, by a coincidence equally strange and disconcerting, the emergence of the British Lazzaroni should have synchronized with the triumph of pure Democracy in the constitution of Great Britain.

It does not fall within the limits of my present purpose to speak of the agencies, public and private, which aspire to relieve the situation which I have described. These do undoubtedly mitigate the evil which they are quite unable to remove. The main problem of unemployment, not a temporary phenomenon merely, but also and more formidably a permanent factor, is not only unsolved, but does not appear to be fairly faced. Meanwhile every year adds from the elementary schools a new generation of boys to swell the ranks of the British Lazzaroni. They are, I repeat, the finest human material in the world, and we seem to acquiesce in their debasement. There is a Nemesis on such folly.

The Rise of our Present Democracy

By the Hon. Stephen Coleridge

It may possibly serve a useful purpose if a person who has never been a politician, but only a spectator with no constituents to please, records his observations on the changes in England as a civilized state which have taken place in the last fifty or sixty years, and the tendencies of those changes that must fulfil themselves in the future.

Half a century ago England was governed, not entirely, but very largely, by the aristocracy of the country. The Cabinets, whether the Conservatives or the Liberals were in power, were chiefly composed of men belonging to the aristocratic families. Many of them combined eminent abilities with hereditary wealth and station, and were distinguished people from their birth, so that participation in the government could add nothing to their social position, and was undertaken more as a duty than to satisfy any ambition.

Such people, when entrusted with the welfare of the country, were not likely to forget the genius of our forefathers who spread the Empire over the globe, or to abate that greatness of spirit that for hundreds of years had inspired their predecessors as leaders of the nation.

Before the immense increase of the franchise which has taken place in recent years, the House of Commons was filled with men who, in their country-sides, were accustomed to the responsibilities of high station, and were altogether uninfluenced by petty or personal motives, with no temptation to descend to sordid scrambles for ignominious ends.

The debates in the House were, in the seventies, conducted in the grand style, and the dignity of the great assembly gave the country, before the eyes of the world, a nobleness that nothing else could confer.

England then possessed, and England still possesses, a splendid race of gentry, which was equal with the nobility in culture, independence and manners, and cannot be found in any other country in the world. These men were in those days to be found filling the House of Commons on both benches.

The main cause for the continued existence for hundreds of years of this distinguishing feature of English life was our unique custom of observing primogeniture in bequests. Here the custom is regarded as a matter of course. In few other European countries is a man permitted to dispose at will of his property. The Code Napoléon in France provides that a man can personally dispos of only one-fourth of his estate or money, if he has three children or more; one-third only, if he has two children; and only one-half, if he has only one child.

Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, and Holland have provisions similar to the Code Napoléon. Only in Germany is freedom of bequest permitted.

In the United States there is, I believe, no law against bequests establishing primogeniture, but custom is so absolutely against it that a clever American, when asked what would happen to a will that set up that principle, replied that it would be set aside on the ground that the testator must have been a lunatic.

There was another quality common to persons elected to Parliament in the seventies. They were, for the most part, men who were fairly familiar with Latin, and not entirely ignorant of Greek, and enjoyed the advantage of knowing what the words they used meant, and why, and could therefore speak English correctly and appreciate it when thus spoken by their fellows.

For these several reasons, it is impossible to deny that the leaders of the nation did then truly and worthily represent the high civilization, nobleness, and independence of the nation.

The change from then to now which some of us have witnessed is very great. That it was inevitable with the appearance upon the scene of a democracy steadily and overwhelmingly displacing the aristocracy that had so long ruled in England, must be conceded.

The payment of M.P.s has brought into the House

an entirely new class; some of them, no doubt, have great abilities, but many must of necessity be without that fine independence and personal dignity which must suffer a sad deflation at the hands of a clamant mass of voters demanding obedience to their behests.

It seems inevitable that in the hands of men, so many of whom have not had the opportunities of acquiring the broad-minded views leisure and culture generally confer, the great spirit that of old dominated it must decline in England's world policy. To men mostly absorbed in the struggle for the means of life, the high policy, that gave us our splendid Empire transcending any that history records, makes but a feeble appeal; and so it begins to appear likely that, unless some unforeseen reaction happens, this magnificent heritage will one day be thrown away, to be grasped by stronger and more capable hands.

And in this England itself a condition has arisen that seems to lead us to lower and more sordid ideals. Each party is confronted with a vast mass of voters, every one of whom has no wish to give anything to his country, but every one of whom wants to be given something by his country. To gain their votes, each party offers to give them something. About seventeen out of twenty of them pay no taxes. The something they are offered, therefore, must be paid by the remaining three electors. In this manner, with £400 a year in front of them, and millions of voters with their mouths open behind them, back come the members to Westminster, and immediately vote away the incomes of the three electors to pour into the bottomless pit of doles, social services, free houses, and what not, for the other seventeen.

There is nothing in sight politically that can stem this disastrous robbery of the few to pauperize the many.

In Gladstone's time, one hundred millions sufficed to pay the entire expenses of the country: Army, Navy, Civil Service, and everything. The present mad expenditure can lead but to one end: Total irremediable ruin—first of the three electors, and then of the other seventeen.

With the awful squandering of the country's wealth there has coincided a subtle destruction of personal freedom. Bureaucrats in Government offices now send

emissaries over the country ordering anybody who owns anything to obey some tyrannical by-law set up by their Department. Lord Hewart, in his book, "The New Despotism," has exposed and denounced this tyranny, but nobody heeds.

A friend of mine was ordered to drain the large pond in his garden, which has been in existence for five hundred years, by an official who arrived in a motor-car armed with some sub-section of some Act invented by his Department. And my friend's neighbour was ordered by the same official to cut down every tree in his hundred acres that happened to grow on the bank of a tiny stream through his meadows.

Such are some of the unspeakable tyrannies of the present democracy.

Personal freedom was every man's pride for generations, until this democracy rose upon us. One of our modern Prime Ministers promised us all a country fit for heroes to live in, but what we are getting is a place where to be independent is an offence and to own property a crime.

The Legal and Political Unity of the Empire

By J. H. Morgan, K.C.

A FEW months ago a Committee of Draftsmen which may, with some accuracy, be described as a delegation of the Imperial Conference of 1926, sat in London, behind closed doors, to discuss how best to perform certain surgical operations, by Act of Parliament, upon the body politic of the Empire. Its recommendations are in some respects drastic, not to say revolutionary, involving some pretty deep incisions into the arteries of the patient.

But before examining these recommendations and their import, let us go back a bit. At the Imperial Conference of 1926 the late Lord Balfour produced a formula—duly adopted by the Conference—which purported to "define" and also to "describe" the existing relations between Great Britain and the self-governing Dominions. The generalization contained in that formula may well be described as the major premise from which the Committee of Draftsmen have arrived, and were indeed instructed to arrive, at their conclusions. It is therefore so important that it must be cited in full. Here it is:

> The group of self-governing communities composed of Great Britain and the Dominions, their position and mutual relation, may be *readily* defined. They are autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in respect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown, and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Now the singular thing about the Report of 1926, in which that "ready" definition was incorporated, is this —that the Report went on to specify four aspects of the existing relationship between the Dominions and ourselves and between any one Dominion and another which did not, and do not, conform to the definition at all. Therefore the Report went on to suggest that these non-comformities—admittedly very "complex" (thus the Report itself), undeniably "dangerous" if made the

subject of any "immediate pronouncement" (again I quote the *ipsissima verba*)—should be postponed for the consideration of "experts" in order that they might be removed by "repeal, amendment, modification" of existing Statutes. In other words, the "ready" definition embodied in Lord Balfour's famous formula of equality of status was found on examination to be, at the very moment of its inception and adoption, so unready that it failed to conform to facts. Facts, therefore, must be made to conform to it. Its fluent political generalization—it was nothing more—was to be translated into a draft Bill for submission first to the Imperial Conference of September next; then, if approved, to the Imperial Parliament. Now in this very procedure there is involved a stupendous paradox, which no one seems as yet to have discerned. I will, for the moment, keep that paradox up my sleeve.

Let us now examine what the recommendations of this Committee are and what is likely to be the effect of their adoption, if adopted they be. The principal flaw in Lord Balfour's formula was (and still is, of course) the legislative supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. The Imperial Parliament has power—it has always had it—to legislate for the whole of the Empire. The Constitutions of the great Dominions are themselves Acts of the Imperial Parliament. And if and when a Statute of any one of those Dominions conflicts with a Statute of the Imperial Parliament (by which I mean a Statute expressly or by necessary intendment applying to them), the Dominion Statute is null and void to the extent, but only to the extent, of such conflict. That is a legal axiom which hitherto has been unquestioned by any responsible lawyer—it has been laid down again and again by the judges of the Dominion Courts themselves and indeed nowhere more emphatically.

Now, obviously, if you are determined to give statutory expression to the doctrine of equality of status as between Great Britain and the Dominions, you must extirpate, root and branch, this legal axiom—that the Imperial Parliament has bound, can bind, and will bind the Dominions by its legislation. As a matter of fact, although there are a number of Imperial Statutes which

bind the Dominions—the Act for abolishing the Slave Trade is an obvious example—the Imperial Parliament has of late years, even when passing admittedly Imperial Acts (in other words, Acts which in so many words extend generically to the whole of His Majesty's possessions), always excluded the great self-governing Dominions from their operation, leaving it to those Dominions to adopt the Acts or not, and to adopt them with or without qualification. The Imperial Copyright Act—and imperial it was—of 1911, and the Nationality and Naturalization Act of 1914, are cases in point. More than that—not only has the Imperial Parliament for something like a generation ceased to legislate for the Dominions except on their own invitation or with their consent, but whenever and wherever the shoe of earlier Imperial Acts applying to them has pinched, the Imperial Parliament has repealed, or authorized them to repeal, the offending Statutes.

One might hazard the opinion that our constitutional practice might well have remained thus; but the Committee has recommended that now and from henceforth it shall be enacted by the Imperial Parliament that the Dominion legislatures shall have a general power to repeal each and every Imperial Act remaining on our Statute Book. Let us consider exactly what this involves. First let me take the Crown. Now it is common form that any Colony with a representative legislature may legislate as to the prerogative in so far as the internal exercise of that prerogative in the Colony is concerned. Colonial legislatures may, for example, abolish the Crown's immunity from being sued in the Courts of the local jurisdiction—they have done so in Australia (and elsewhere); and, as the greater includes the less, they have also, very much to the advantage of litigants, abolished the prerogative of "discovery." Not only is the existence of such prerogatives absolutely subject to the control of Colonial legislation, but so of course is their exercise. The Privy Council itself has been quite as emphatic in holding that principle of legislative autonomy of Colonial legislation as the Colonial Courts themselves; quite recently it decided* that the legislature

* In *the Commonwealth of Australia v. New South Wales.* [1929] A.C. 431.

of a self-governing Colony is supreme and that no act of the Executive Government—in other words, no act of the Crown *in the Colony*—can fetter in any sense the future exercise of its legislature's powers.

The one limitation hitherto imposed on Colonial legislation in this respect has been that those legislatures, although invested with large constitutional powers (whereby they might, for example, exclude their second Chambers, if any, from all voice in legislation—even to the extent of abolishing such Chambers altogether), could not exclude the Crown as a factor in legislation. It has been held* that any amendment of a Colonial Constitution which attempted to abolish the Royal Assent to legislation, as exercised through the Government or Governor-General, would be and must be held by the Colonial Courts themselves to be *ultra vires* and bad—in other words, any Colonial Legislature which attempted to transform itself into a Republic would find it had overshot its legal landmark. In the same case, a corollary to this proposition, was also laid down†—namely, that if a Colonial Legislature attempted to abolish itself and to substitute a Dictatorship for a Representative Legislature, such a self-denying ordinance would be beyond its power. There can—to my mind—be no doubt whatever that if and when the Dominions are endowed with a general power of repealing all existing Imperial legislation, each and every one of them will be thereby empowered to do what at present they cannot do—namely, to establish an independent Republic, or for that matter an independent Dictatorship, if and when they think fit.

Nor do the legal possibilities stop there. There is an Act on our own Statute Book which, if any one Statute can be regarded as more fundamental than another, lies at the very basis of the legal unity of this Empire. I refer to the Act of Settlement—whereby, as has been aptly said, the Crown of this Kingdom is entailed on the Hanoverian Dynasty. Now the Crown is, as we all know, or should know, one and indivisible through the Empire. But if the Dominions are now to be empowered

* By Mr. Justice Isaacs (as he then was) in *Taylor against the Attorney-General of Queensland.*

† By Mr. Justice Barton.

to repeal any Act on our Statute Book, they can of course repeal the Act of Settlement in so far as it affects themselves and change the succession to the Throne—or, indeed, abolish the monarchical form of government altogether.

Again, the Act of Settlement requires that every succeeding Sovereign shall both hold and publicly profess the Protestant Doctrine; and we have to face the fact that there is one Dominion to-day in which an overwhelming majority of its inhabitants profess and believe the Catholic Faith. It is, moreover, a Dominion which has made no secret of the fact that it believes (quite mistakenly in law) that the Balfour formula established the Sovereign independence of the Dominion; and it has tried in one way and another, alike at Geneva and at the Hague, to put its view of that formula into effect. I am not criticizing its attitude—I am merely stating a fact. It would be unwise of me to say more.

Now I dare say that a member of the Committee of Draftsmen whose recommendations I am discussing would reply to all this by saying: "Oh yes, we have provided against all that. We have recommended on page 21 of our Report that 'any alteration in the law touching the succession to the Throne shall hereafter require the assent as well of the Parliaments of all the Dominions as of the Parliament of the United Kingdom.'" So they have—but what have they done with this curiously worded proposition? They have suggested that it merely "be placed on record" and that it should appear as a formal recital or "preamble" in the proposed Act which is to grant to the Dominions full powers to repeal all Acts of Parliament, including, of course, the Act of Settlement. That is very clever; but I confess I do not like to see mere cleverness applied to the solution of grave constitutional questions. Preambles have long ago lost nearly all their legal virtue. The days have passed when they were regarded as a substantive part of a Statute; they have no legislative effect. It is a poor prospect for those of us who still cling to the idea that the Crown is one and indivisible throughout the Empire, to feel that this maxim as regards the succession to the Crown will now hang by the precarious thread of a preamble.

I turn to another aspect of this proposed general power of repeal. In their recommendations, the Draftsmen say that the restrictive effect of existing Imperial Acts upon the legislative powers of the Dominion "have caused and continue to cause practical inconvenience by preventing the enactment of legislation adapted to their special needs." They do not, however, present us with a single example of "such practical inconvenience," and I think they would be pretty hard put to find one. It is barely possible that they have in mind those Imperial Acts of 1833 and 1844 by which the prerogative of His Majesty to grant special leave to appeal from the judgments of his Courts overseas is at once declared and imperially enacted. Now there is, I admit, a certain amount of local inflammation in one member of the body politic of this Empire as to the imperial scope of these Statutes. A certain newly-created Dominion, with that certitude of youth which is at once so alluring and so pathetic, has recently declared through the voice of one of its Ministers that it will not recognize the exercise of this Imperial prerogative and therefore of the Imperial Statute which embodies it. Now if the Dominion in question really desires to see this prerogative limited or abolished in its own case, I have little doubt that the British Government would, *if so requested* by the Government of that Dominion, take the necessary steps by a special Act of the British Parliament to limit that prerogative or (what amounts to much the same thing) to enable the Parliament of that Dominion to limit it. It seems, indeed, a little odd that the Government of that Dominion has not preferred such a request to our own Government to legislate accordingly. But I suspect the explanation is to be found in the fact that the statesmen of that Dominion have an uneasy feeling that by asking the Imperial Parliament so to legislate they would thereby be admitting the very position that they, quite vainly, deny—namely, that the Imperial Parliament can legislate for them.

As regards the remaining Dominions, I venture to say with the utmost confidence that they are not aware of the slightest practical inconvenience to the exercise of their legislative powers by the continued existence of

this prerogative. There may at one time have been some such feeling in Canada*, but anxiety on that point has now been removed as the result of a recent judgment† which puts it beyond doubt that the exercise of this prerogative by the Privy Council can in no way limit the supremacy of Dominion legislation within Canada itself in the matter of Criminal Law. Two Dominions, the Union of South Africa and the Commonwealth of Australia, were long ago empowered to legislate if they thought fit in the direction of limiting this prerogative. It is a notable fact that they have not thought fit. It is an even more notable fact that in Australia there is a very strong feeling admirably expressed by Mr. Holman, K.C., that the appellate jurisdiction of the Judicial Committee should, so far from being limited, be extended. If there thus be a general confidence in the unimpaired jurisdiction of the Privy Council, what point is there in anything so otiose as an Act of the Imperial Parliament enabling, and to that extent inviting, the whole of the Dominions to abolish its jurisdiction altogether? If you ostentatiously confer upon a person a licence to do a thing which he has never thought of doing, you run a very considerable danger of thereby tempting him to do it. This, I submit, is particularly true of legislatures in the modern world. A Dominion Government would think once, twice, thrice before asking the Imperial Parliament to abolish an Imperial prerogative in its regard—for the simple reason that it could only do so if backed by the whole opinion of the community. But if it can do it at any moment by a snatch vote in the local legislature, regardless of the considered opinion of the Dominion electorate as a whole, it is only too likely to act in haste.

As I have said, I think it is as well that one should face frankly and discuss openly all the possibilities inherent in these recommendations. It is no use pretending that they are not attended with elements of danger. The Imperial Conference of 1926, in setting the Committee of Draftsmen their task, itself admitted as much. Now

* At the time of the decision of the Privy Council in the case of *Nadan against the King*.

† *Chung Chuck against the King*.

in the famous Anglo-Irish Agreement of 1922, by which we granted Dominion status to Southern Ireland, there are certain Articles designed among other things to secure in Irish harbours what may be called our strategic position at sea in the event of another war. There is another Article which was aimed at safeguarding the rights of the religious minority in Southern Ireland. This Agreement has the force of an Imperial Statute, and in the Irish Free State Constitution Act it is expressly provided that these Articles shall govern the interpretation and even the amendment of the Irish Constitution. Now I will only say this, and I say it as a plain statement of fact without further comment, in order that I may avoid any possible exasperation of what is already an extremely delicate situation. If the recommendations of the Committee of Draftsmen are adopted and enacted, the new Dominion across the Channel will immediately be free to repeal each and every Article of the Anglo-Irish Agreement. Here again I am not going to discuss the question whether such action would be right or wrong, good or bad, wise or unwise. I have nothing to do with politics; I am only concerned with law.

I have hinted that there is a stupendous paradox involved in the whole scheme of this elaborate renunciation of the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. It seems to have escaped the logicians of the doctrine of equality of status altogether. That paradox is this. It is a fundamental principle of our constitutional law, admirably enforced by Dicey, that the Imperial Parliament can never divest itself of its own sovereignty. It is characteristic of the ingenuousness—or was it disingenuousness?—of the Report of 1926 that the Imperial Parliament is throughout evasively described as the "Parliament at Westminster." *E pur si muove!* And yet it remains, and always will remain, the Imperial Parliament. By that I do not merely mean that it will still, as it does almost every session, legislate by statute, or by statutory order, for that not inconsiderable part of the Empire which does not embrace the Dominions in its ambit, for certain self-governing Colonies which have not attained Dominion Status, for the Crown Colonies and, with increasing frequency, even for our extra-terri-

torial Protectorates, nay even for India. I mean something much more fundamental than that. I mean this: What one Parliament "at Westminster" has done, another Parliament can undo—even though, as in the case of the frequent enactments and re-enactments of Magna Charta, the enacting Parliament may declare its legislation perpetual. The ablest of all Canadian writers on the Canadian Constitution, the late Mr. Justice Clement, was fully alive to the overwhelming and indefeasible force of this fact, and he emphasizes it, when treating of the powers of the Imperial Parliament, in these succinct words: "No power, not even its own, can tie its hands." You thus arrive at this singular position: that although Parliament may, and perhaps will, as the result of these recommendations, empower the Dominion to repeal all its existing Statutes relating to them, it may at any time resume the exercise of its power to legislate for them. The Draftsmen have tried to evade this self-contradiction by proposing that, in the preamble of Renunciation, it be "recited" that "it would not be in accord with the existing constitutional relationship that the Parliament of the United Kingdom should extend its legislation to any Dominion except at its request and with its consent." No doubt! But we do not require a preamble to recite what is already a constitutional platitude. That preamble does not in the least alter the legal doctrine, whatever may be the constitutional usage.

As to the almost devastating logic of the proposals to enable every Dominion to legislate extra-territorially, alike in regard to us and to each other, nothing less than a whole article would be necessary to explain the complication and confusion, and conflict, which such a leap in the dark will bring about. Enough if I quote Mr. Justice Isaacs's wise dictum in 1912 that, if the existing extra-territorial restriction were removed, nothing but discord in the Empire would result.

The truth is that there are only two ways in which the formula of complete equality of status between the Dominion legislatures and our own can be translated into law. One would be by an Act declaring their independence—in other words such an Act as terminated the sovereignty of the Crown over the American Colonies,

and recognized them as foreign States. The other, almost equally revolutionary, would be to destroy the potent legal principle of the unity and indivisibility of Crown, if not the ubiquity of the King in his Dominions, by constituting the Dominions separate Kingdoms with separate "Crowns" united merely by a dynastic tie. What the consequences—and they are sufficiently serious—of such an "incorporation" (to use an apt word of Macaulay's applied to just such a situation as this) would be, how disintegrating they would become to the international unity of the Empire, how utterly destructive of our existence in war, how perilous to our diplomacy in peace, need not be pointed out here. To such results does the fatal logic of equality of status lead us. The Imperial Parliament can only be disinherited of its sovereignty, in other words its supremacy, by investing the Parliaments of the Dominions with a sovereignty equally Imperial. You will then have seven Empires instead of one.

Meditating on this departure, and all that it may involve, my mind has instinctively gone back to the writings of the greatest Englishman—he was, as a matter of fact, an Irishman—who ever applied his genius to the study of the constitutional relations of the British Empire. And in what is one of the least known—but to my mind the most profound—of all his writings, the "Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol," Edmund Burke reminded certain of his contemporaries, as inexorably bent as some of our own on applying logic to the Empire, that "Government is a *practical* thing—it is not a thing made to gratify the schemes of visionary Politicians." "Nay more," he added, "It is a very great mistake to imagine that Englishmen follow up practically any speculative principle, either of Government or of Freedom, as far as it will go in argument or in logical illation. We Englishmen stop very short of the principle upon which we support any given part of our Constitution, or even the whole of it altogether." Nothing more true of our Constitutional Law was ever written. By this careful avoidance of deductive reasoning our Empire has been built up. By the infatuated pursuit of such reasoning it will be pulled down.

The Communist Offensive in Australia

By F. A. W. Gisborne

AUSTRALIA has lately been undergoing experiences similar to those suffered by Great Britain within a quite recent period. An epidemic of strikes has raged throughout the chief coal-fields of New South Wales, the result being much unemployment and general stagnation of industry. The origin of the trouble, which culminated in March last year in the closing of a large number of mines, may be traced to events which occurred at the beginning of the War. Instigated undoubtedly by German agents employed by their Government for the purpose of hindering the transport of Australian troops and supplies to Europe, the miners at Newcastle and elsewhere ceased work and made the most extravagant demands for increased wages. Since the dispute was confined to New South Wales the Arbitration Court could not offer its doubtful services as peace-maker; but availing itself of the extended powers conferred on it at the time, the Federal Government, over-riding the State authorities, appointed a special tribunal to bring about a settlement. This was speedily effected in a very simple manner. The single functionary chosen to adjudicate on the questions in dispute, acting, as it afterwards came out, under secret instructions, conceded the demands of the miners' union in full, while, by way of compensation, the mine-owners received Government subsidies equivalent to the increased charges imposed on them. Temporary peace in the industry was thus purchased at the price of future unrest; industrial brigandage was encouraged; and men who ought to have been sent to gaol for conduct which amounted to open treason were rewarded rather than punished for their offences.

The attack on the Australian coal industry initiated by Germany in war-time was resumed by Bolshevist Russia a few years later. The agents of Moscow directed their destructive efforts mainly against the two "key" industries of the Commonwealth, those of shipping and coal-mining. If the export of Australia's primary products, such as wool, wheat, metals, etc., could be

prevented, and the secondary industries starved to death through lack of coal, Australian workers, driven to desperation, the conspirators argued, would soon sigh for the blessings of Communist rule. Incessant disturbances broke out on the water-front, and the Seamen's Union declared open war against the ship-owners. On the coal-fields the poisonous seed sown by the social enemy produced a yet more abundant crop of dissensions. Since 1914 no fewer than 4,500 strikes have occurred on the coal-fields of New South Wales, involving altogether the loss of 8,000,000 working days. Most of these disputes, of course, were comparatively trifling, and belonged to the class known by the suggestive name of "irritation" strikes; but cumulatively they played havoc with the industry by increasing costs and diminishing output, and their moral effects in causing feelings of bitterness and ill-will were even more serious than the material losses they caused. On the northern coalfields of New South Wales alone there have been 2,928 strikes since 1919, and the State Minister for Mines, Mr. Weaver, has just made public official figures showing that the losses incurred during the period by the miners in wages and strike levies amounted to no less than £9,700,000, a sum equal to about £400 for each man employed in the mines. Far greater losses, of course, were sustained by the coal-mining companies, the shareholders in which outnumber the miners, and the persons engaged in the important steel, shipping and other industries whose prosperity depends on cheap and regular supplies of coal. As might be expected under such conditions, the New South Wales export trade in the commodity almost perished. In 1922–23 the State just mentioned sent 104,012 tons of coal to India, 54,706 tons to Hawaii, and 123,504 tons to America, amounts in themselves far below those recorded before the war. Three years later the respective figures were 3,571, 4,411, and 8,702. In 1927, India received from Australia the handsome contribution of one ton of coal, and America six tons. The formerly lucrative East Indian, Chinese and Japanese markets have been practically lost, while, to crown all, for several months past large and regular shipments of coal have been sent from England to the Commonwealth to make up for the greatly reduced home supply.

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According to a statement made by the Chairman of the Northern Colliery Proprietors' Association, towards the end of last February the suspension of coal-mining operations at various places in New South Wales was then costing the State in loss of wages and profits and generally diminished production about £1,000,000 a month. Over 30,000 men had been thrown out of work, and large numbers were dependent on State doles for existence. The surrender of 1915 and the extraordinary indulgence shown by both State and Federal Governments throughout succeeding years to professional mischief-makers of the worst type have brought about these deplorable conditions and temporarily paralysed a great and essential industry.

The mine-owners have been vehemently accused of precipitating a crisis by " locking out " their employees. But the answer to the charge seems convincing. The mines, the owners affirm, had been rendered unprofitable by the provocative tactics of the miners in reducing output and causing continual interruptions of work. It is noticeable in this connection that the present Labour Government, whose sympathies most certainly are not with the mine-owners, has refrained from prosecuting them for action which the law treats as a serious offence. The plain truth is that no Government or tribunal can compel an employer to carry on his business at a loss any more than, without reviving slavery, it can force large numbers of men to work against their will. Consequently, every system of industrial arbitration based, not on conciliation, but compulsion, is doomed to failure; and the attempt during many years past in Australia to achieve the impossible has been productive of infinite loss and unrest.

Two attempts have lately been made by a Judge of the Arbitration Court to intervene in the dispute. In each the mine-owners succeeded in having the award made declared invalid by the High Court on the ground that the dispute was confined wholly to a single State. The efforts of politicians proved no more successful. Several conferences between representatives of the contending parties were held; but although the mine-owners expressed their willingness to content themselves with a meagre profit of 1s. on each ton of coal

produced instead of the 2s. formerly received, provided the miners accepted a reduction of 9d. per ton in wages, the union leaders stubbornly refused to make any concessions whatever. An offer of a bribe in the form of a bounty made by the Government on condition that there should be no reduction of wages was rejected by the mine-owners for the very sound reasons that assistance of the kind bestowed on the industry in one State would be unfair to the persons engaged in the same industry in the other States, and the effect on the men specially benefited would be most demoralizing. Slackness and inefficiency are encouraged by all bounty systems, and it certainly would be neither fair nor reasonable that the industrious classes in the community should be taxed to enable one favoured class to enjoy unearned advantages.*

A Commission appointed at the end of last year to investigate the causes of the trouble in the coal industry elicited some illuminating evidence which clearly explained the reasons for the enormous increase in the price of coal in Australia during the last few years. The manager of the Elrington Colliery, for instance, stated that, owing to the pernicious system called "Darg" by which each miner was forbidden by the union to produce more than a very low, fixed maximum amount of coal per shift, the daily production had never exceeded 400 tons, although the equipment of the mine was sufficient for an output of from 3,000 to 4,000 tons per day. He complained that skilled men, much against their will, were compelled to spend more than half their time underground in idleness, or to stop work long before the usual time, and gave examples to show how trivial were the causes which frequently led to prolonged stoppages of work. One typical case may be quoted. A man paid at the rate of 19s. 2d. per day was employed in wheeling small trucks of coal a distance of 20 yards, and hooking

* The fact that, according to a statement just made by Mr. Bavin, the Premier of New South Wales, the miners at Rothbury, mostly inexperienced men, are earning wages up to £2 11s. a day sufficiently refutes the assertions made by unscrupulous advocates of the strikers that under the terms offered by the mine-owners they would be unable to make enough to live on with comfort. Were the iniquitous "Darg" rule declared illegal, the great majority of the miners would, indeed, be able to earn wages higher than those earned in any other industry. The conditions under which the men at Rothbury work are exactly the same as those which the members of the miners' union were offered last November, and refused to accept.

them on to a rope. He was quite satisfied with his work and wages, but a union official ordered him to refuse to wheel the trucks, and only hook them on to the rope. A strike which lasted 46 days resulted from this piece of impudent interference. It was impossible, the same witness affirmed, to dismiss an incapable or insubordinate man since the immediate consequence of such action would have been the withdrawal of all his fellows. The manager of a smaller colliery in the western district gave similar evidence as to the deliberate restriction of output by the union, and the ruinous losses caused by frequent interruptions of work. In four years, he said, the mine he managed had been working only 851 days out of a possible 1,092. Whenever horse-races or sports of any kind were held in the vicinity of the mine, work had to be suspended, as nearly all the men absented themselves. They claimed the right of deciding both how to work and when to work. All the evidence taken by the Commission supported the conclusion that for years a numerically small, but dominant, section in the miners' union had been deliberately striving to ruin the mine-owners by the application of various devices for increasing costs of working the mines, limiting production, provoking continual disputes, and creating a general feeling of insecurity. The influence exercised by these professional mischief-makers in political circles greatly accentuated the difficulties with which the colliery proprietors had to contend by shielding the instigators of wanton strikes and preventing the employment of free labour.

After all attempts to effect a settlement by mutual agreement had failed, and the shortage of coal supplies for railway and other purposes had become acutely felt, the Government of New South Wales took the bold step of renting a large colliery at Rothbury and working it with volunteer labour, no discrimination being exercised against unionists. In response to the invitation of the Minister for Mines more men offered their services than were needed, and soon supplies of coal sufficient to meet urgent public requirements were available. Strong police protection was provided for the workers, and the need for this precaution was soon proved. On December 16 last year a mob of strikers numbering between 5,000 and 6,000 made a determined attempt to storm the mine and

forcibly eject the men employed there. The surrounding fence was broken down and the police, being enormously outnumbered, were compelled in self-defence to use their revolvers as well as batons to repel the invaders. The latter were driven back after a lively scrimmage in a somewhat battered condition, but only one man was killed, a fact which shows the remarkable moderation displayed by the defending force under exceptionally trying conditions. Several of the police sustained severe injuries caused by stones and other missiles. At the inquiry held later testimony was given showing that the first shots were fired by the aggressors, and that the single victim was killed by a stray bullet. The ring-leaders in the affair, having prudently retired to the rear before the actual collision, as usual, came off scatheless. The modern Communist agitator in moments of peril invariably imitates the example of his fore-runner, the Jacobin Commissioner, Jean Bon St. André, whose heroic conduct during the naval engagement off Ushant in 1794 was commemorated by Canning in some well-known lines. It is painful to have to add that these men, who were guilty of inciting armed rebellion, a crime worthy of capital punishment, have so far suffered no penalties whatever, although many of their dupes have been fined small sums. They have contrived to "skulk behind the laws," just as they skulked behind their more courageous adherents in the encounter with the police.

That the trouble in the coal-mining industry has been both intensified and prolonged by the result of the last Federal General Election is beyond all doubt. Strike leaders and industrial agitators in Australia always regard Labour Governments as their natural allies; and, prior to the elections, several prominent members of the present Federal Ministry boldly assured their confiding supporters that the advent of the Labour Party to office would speedily be followed by the settlement of all matters in dispute on terms acceptable to the miners. But as soon as the new Ministers were safely installed in their comfortable positions, they discovered that the Constitution forbade effective intervention on their part. They contented themselves, therefore, with calling a futile conference, offering a bribe to the coal-owners which the

latter very properly refused, reproaching Mr. Bavin and his colleagues for their barbarity in protecting men engaged of their own free will in useful work against brutal mal-treatment, and expressing their sympathy with the industrial militarists who had almost succeeded in bringing a great industry to ruin. These attempts to restore harmony were received with mockery and indignation by the strike-leaders. Prompted by them, the insignificant band of Communist incendiaries known as the Australian Labour Political Council drew up and presented to the Federal Government a formidable ultimatum demanding, *inter alia*, that coal importations should be stopped, that coercive measures should be applied to the mine-owners to compel them to re-open the mines on the old conditions, and that the Commonwealth military forces should be employed to disarm the New South Wales police at Rothbury, and expel the free workers. To these amusing demands the Treasurer, on behalf of the Government, returned a reply which was by no means soft, and which excited paroxysms of wrath among those to whom it was addressed. The Government was reviled with maledictory vehemence for having "betrayed" the workers, and threatened with early and ignominious dismissal. The incident reveals a complete breach between the moderate and the extreme section of the Labour Party, and has already led to the formation of a "cave" in the Parliamentary caucus. Five representatives of coal-mining districts in New South Wales have raised the standard of revolt against the Government, whose prestige has been considerably weakened by its belated confession of impotence. It is finding that broken election promises as well as curses, are

> Like arrows shot upright.
> Which, falling down, light on the shooter's head.

If, as is quite possible, a double dissolution caused by the rejection by the Senate of some important Government measure occur in the near future, Labour candidates will find it difficult to reconcile the performances of their official leaders with the seductive assurances so profusely made a few months ago.

Finding the politicians but lukewarm friends, and failing entirely to win the sympathies of the public by spreading abroad grotesquely distorted accounts of the

Rothbury "massacre," the baffled agitators made desperate efforts to mobilize the whole forces of trade unionism and declare war against the community in the form of a general strike. A large majority of the trade unions refused to take so extreme a step, their leaders recognizing that a general strike at a time when 13 per cent. of the members of the unions were unemployed, and thousands of non-unionists were eager to accept work on almost any terms, would mean a crushing, if not fatal blow to their own authority, and indeed might shatter the very edifice of trade unionism. After their painful experiences during the last two extensive strikes in Australia the members of two important unions, those of the waterside and the timber workers, were in a decidedly restive mood; and the heavy levies they, in common with all those of their fellow unionists who were fortunate enough to retain their employment, were required to pay to maintain in ignoble idleness men who refused to work for wages in most cases considerably exceeding those received by themselves excited bitter complaints. The rejection of the general strike proposal marked the complete failure of the Communist attack on the coal-mining industry. Its leaders had attempted in vain by the use of physical, legal and political weapons to destroy it. All they had achieved was to inflict destitution and misery, not only on the men who foolishly trusted them, but also on thousands against whom they had not a shadow of a grievance.

For the result of the long contest special credit is due to the associated mine-owners, led by a shrewd and courageous Scotchman, and to the Government of New South Wales, whose attitude throughout combined moderation with inflexibility. Had the State just mentioned been afflicted with a Government controlled, like that of the Commonwealth, by organized labour, the consequences, not only to the coal-mining industry, but to all industries, might have been catastrophic. No protection would have been afforded to free workers, and the mine-owners would have been compelled to choose between submitting to ruinous conditions, or suffering expropriation on most inequitable terms. The forced capitulation of the coal-owners, or the nationalization of the mines, would have been rightly regarded by the Communist conspirators as a triumph; and they would

then have carried on their campaign of destruction in other fields of industry with redoubled vigour. Finally, when the urban masses had been goaded to desperation by the sufferings resulting from almost universal unemployment, they would have delivered their long-deferred attack on the social and political institutions of the country. Leading Communists in Australia have frankly admitted that the policy just outlined is being deliberately pursued by their party. Preposterous demands for increased wages and shorter hours of work, " go-slow " practices, acts of sabotage, constant strikes—all these are instigated with the definite object of destroying the industry assailed. In their own jargon this policy of attrition is called " white-anting."* It very nearly succeeded in the case of the all-important coal industry, but happily, in spite of the difficulties placed in their way by politicians intimidated by the threats of the plotters, or in secret sympathy with them, the employers have won a complete victory, and in so doing have performed a service of inestimable value to the public. The example they have set will, it is to be hoped, be followed by other leaders of industry, should they be subjected to a similar trial.

Several useful lessons may be derived from the late struggle between the forces of order and freedom and those of licence and tyranny in Australia. It has shown the strength of the corrupting influences which have infected many of the trade unions there during recent years and conclusively proved the evil effects of the policy of class favouritism which, for many years past, has been practised by the State and Federal Parliaments.

The trade unions have long been treated as privileged bodies. They have been allowed to usurp a monopoly of employment in many occupations, to defy the law, and, by methods of terrorism, to deprive large numbers of independent workers of their means of obtaining a livelihood. The subservience shown both by the legislatures and the industrial tribunals to the arrogant pretensions of small bodies of obscure men claiming, often with little justification, to represent large bodies of wage-earners has naturally encouraged the growth of an *imperium in imperio* both irresponsible and threatening to the public peace. Union leaders have been treated, not as ordinary citizens subject to the laws of the State,

* The white ant destroys the timbers of buildings.

but as privileged plenipotentiaries invested with authority derived from an external source, and enjoying special immunities. The Federal Arbitration Act in particular has had the doubly evil effect of increasing the power of the industrial hierarchy and fostering feelings of discontent, cupidity and class hatred among the workers. The institution just mentioned was rightly described by the late Prime Minister on the eve of the last General Election as a " withering blight upon existing industries and a standing discouragement to new industrial enterprise." The judicially fixed " living wage " has proved as morally debilitating as it is economically unsound. It has encouraged the recipients to live extravagantly and to take far more interest in their pleasures than their duties. The fact mentioned by Dr. Earle Page, the Treasurer in the last Federal Ministry, in the course of the debate on his taxing proposals, that attendances at places of amusement in the Commonwealth had increased from 78,000,000 in 1921–22 to 126,000,000 in 1928–29 speaks for itself in this respect. Worse still, compulsory wage-fixing has seriously impaired the worker's sense of duty. Instead of giving honest service in return for the liberal remuneration received, he has acquired the habit in too many cases of doing a minimum amount of work in a maximum amount of time, failing to perceive the elementary truth that the action of a man who accepts wages and deliberately withholds an equivalent return in service is altogether as culpable as that of a baker who accepts payment for a full loaf and supplies one several ounces below the correct weight. The ravages of the " go-slow " disease have been painfully noticeable in Australian industry ever since the pernicious system of fixing wages and conditions of employment became established in the Commonwealth, and legislation forbidding unions to make rules prohibiting piecework or in any way limiting output is now urgently necessary.*

* The disciplinary methods practised by the officials of many of the trade unions have again and again been exposed in the course of proceedings in the Arbitration Court. One illustration may be given. A skilled artisan employed a year or two ago at the Sunshine Harvester Works in Victoria, by accepting piecework, earned double the wages received by his fellow-workers. As a reward for his industry he was fined £10 and expelled from his union. The facts were admitted by the Secretary of the latter. Fines are frequently inflicted on unionists charged with the crime of " speeding up," in other words, giving honest service in return for their wages.

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Recent outbreaks of lawlessness and violence on the coalfields of New South Wales, as well as on the water-front at several Australian sea-ports, have also clearly demonstrated the inadequacy of the law in Australia relating to offences against the public peace. Men who incite criminal acts, and those who defend them, really deserve heavier punishment than those who actually commit them. "The defending an ill thing is more criminal than the doing it, because it wanteth the excuse of its not being premeditated." Certain Australian legislators might well consider those words of the great Marquis of Halifax, one of the most profound of all English political thinkers. Not a few of their own number have of late directly or indirectly expressed their approval of the conduct of the men who were responsible for the Rothbury outbreak and for many other cowardly and brutal assaults on free-workers. Stern measures are needed to deal effectively with the Communist foe. It is a strange anomaly that, while the man guilty of an attack on an individual is liable to severe punishment, he who attacks the life of a nation is treated as a "political" offender, and let off with a trifling fine. Treason has indeed become "safe" when domestic enemies, who make no attempt whatever to conceal their revolutionary intentions, are not only allowed full liberty to poison the minds of thousands of ignorant and credulous persons, but are treated with absurd deference by the official guardians of the very institutions at whose destruction they aim.

Above all things the recent conflict has emphasized the urgent necessity for the adoption of measures to deprive the Australian trade unions of the tyrannical powers which they have been allowed to usurp, and which for years they have used in a manner highly detrimental to the public liberties. Nurtured by laws inspired by class favouritism of the worst type, these bodies, acting in concert, now claim powers equivalent to an industrial dictatorship, and have also extended their malign domination to some of the Australian legislatures. They have, indeed, become a real danger to the Common-wealth, checking its economic progress, causing endless internal discussions and, by the narrow and provocative policy they dictate to their Parliamentary delegates,

injuriously affecting the relations between Australia and foreign countries. Of late years, as I have noted, they have fallen more and more under the control of men, who, like those responsible for the three last great strikes in Australia, are known to be closely associated with the arch-enemies of the British Empire, and to aim at its destruction. They are absolutely indifferent about the amount of loss and suffering they cause in pursuing their sinister objects. Some are political fanatics of an extreme type, some are unscrupulous adventurers, while others belong to the class described by Mr. Lothrop Stoddard as "tainted geniuses." All are striving by means of the industrial lever to subvert the fabric of modern civilization. The mephitic atmosphere of distrust, envy and class-hatred produced by laws favouring sectional rather than national interests, and the unrest and unemployment resulting from those laws, have naturally facilitated the spread of Communist doctrines. The enemy has been encouraged to sow tares in the field of industry, and he has fully availed himself of the opportunities afforded him.

It may safely be said that, had there been far more unemployment among politicians in Australia during the last twenty years, there would be far less unemployment now among the wage-earning masses in the country. Legislation of the kind usually, and often falsely, called "humanitarian" has wrought infinite moral and material harm. The spoilt child of industry is seldom a useful and law-abiding citizen. He is apt to contract habits of self-indulgence, to fall into bad company, and to listen to evil counsels. When he and his fellows combine in order to extort both by industrial and political methods special benefits for themselves at the expense of the rest of the community, a position of serious danger arises. The trade union ceases to fulfil the functions of a benevolent and defensive organization, and becomes a mere band of brigands pursuing a policy of rapine under the protection of the law.

A passage contained in the report of the United States Commission on Industrial Relations, issued in 1916, merits the special attention of responsible political circles in Australia at the present time. "Political freedom," the authors of that impressive pronouncement declared, "can

exist only where there is industrial freedom . . . There are now within the body of our Republic industrial communities which are virtually principalities, oppressive to those dependent upon them for a livelihood, and a dreadful menace to the peace and welfare of the nation." Such communities exist in the body of the Australian Commonwealth to-day. Although they have recently met with three severe defeats in the field of industry, the power of their leaders is far from broken; indeed, the failure of the courageous attempt of the late Federal Government to abolish the institution which has throughout served them both as sword and shield was a decided gain for the forces of militant unionism. The defeat of Mr. Bruce's Ministry, however, was due more to dissensions among its own supporters and to the hostility of powerful foreign as well as domestic interests aroused by its taxing proposals than to popular disapproval of its industrial legislation. The decisive conflict in the political arena between the forces of privilege and freedom, licence and order, has yet to be fought. After a sharp struggle the law-abiding elements in the population of the United States succeeded in restraining the excesses of trade-unionism and re-establishing industrial freedom. In Australia the task will be harder owing to the formidable political power acquired by the labour oligarchy and the absolute control exercised by its members over one of the two great Parliamentary parties. Once, however, the still dormant forces of order and social stability in the Commonwealth awake to a full recognition of the gravity of the economic and political perils which confront them, there is every reason to feel confident that the laws which have created these perils will be repealed, and measures taken to assert the authority of the State over all disturbers of the public peace.

The Egyptian Blunder

By C. R. Beasley

President of the British Union in Egypt

ANY attempt to estimate the true significance of the recent Anglo-Egyptian negotiations is valueless unless regard be had to the realities of the Egyptian political situation. Public opinion at home has tended to consider the breakdown as an independent phenomenon affecting merely the future of the Sudan. The tacit assumption is that two friendly nations of similar political status entered into a conference and reached practical agreement upon all points except one, and that on this outstanding point, sooner or later, a compromise will be reached—or, in the cant phrase, " a satisfactory formula will be evolved "—after which the Egyptian problem will be settled for all time in the mutual interest of Egypt herself and the British Empire, and, incidentally, of Europe.

Such a view bears no relation whatever to the actual state of affairs. Any consideration of the future of Egypt, and—what is of vastly greater importance to the peace of the world—the future relations of European powers with Egypt, must depend upon one essential fact: the existence or non-existence of a stable Government capable of sound administration and able and willing to preserve law and order. To an observer on the spot it seems to be an elementary pre-condition of Egyptian independence that the Egyptians should give some solid evidence of their competence for self-government.

The first report of the Simon Commission makes clear —what most people knew already—that the fundamental fact about India is her inability to govern herself without British assistance. Though the circumstances of Egypt are very different, this fundamental principle is equally true in her case. The touchstone to be applied to any Treaty terms offered to Egypt by Britain is that of competence to govern wisely and preserve order. Consider from this point of view the two recent attempts to present Egypt with a Treaty of Independence. The offer made to Mahmoud Pasha was contingent upon a General Election and a return to parliamentary government. This attempt by the Labour Government

of Great Britain to re-invest Egypt with a parliamentary system based upon the modern Socialistic theory of self-determination, under the guise of "social reform," has failed to evoke any spontaneous echoes either from within or without. The progenitors of the scheme appear never to have considered how temperaments may vary with nations as much as with individuals, and that the food of one may be the poison of another. Nations, they argue, should work out their own salvation, but they, nevertheless, insist that such salvation must be worked out in our own way, by our own methods, by the suffrage system we have evolved. By means of a constitutional Government, they assume that a friendly and lasting treaty may be definitely reached, inasmuch as the creed of other countries such as Egypt must be an echo of our own. That nations in the East have assimilated European ideas of parliamentary government to some extent, there can be no room for doubt, but following their secular tendencies, they have translated theory into dogma. They are ready to follow European constitutions, but they lack entirely the basis on which to apply them.

In England and in France, representative government has had time to mature; long before it was known by a name, it was semi-dormant in the life of the nation. It existed in England at the time of King John, as witness the Magna Charta; France, as far back as in the Middle Ages, had her Etats Généraux. The whole history of the two countries is a rise, slow but sure, first of the middle, then of the lower classes. But a political system cannot be imposed from outside on a people unripe for its reception. An historical example is that of Sièyes, whose constitution, admirable on paper, was set aside by Napoleon, as the time for it had not yet come.

Has the time come for Egypt? Has the moral and social evolution of Egypt been such as to prepare her for the parliamentary system which England is anxious to impose upon her? And if not, would not Egypt be better advised to revert to a regime more consistent with her traditions and her past? The history of Egypt offers no parallel to the slow, steady growth of the parliamentary system in Western countries. Egypt's long

history shows periods of intense social and religious life, but there have been no signs of a political consciousness. She does not appear to have ever troubled about such a thing. Whenever she has been roused to action, it has been from religious or tribal motives. In fact, traditions in the East are utterly different from the traditions of Western countries of Europe; their trend is far more toward theocracy than toward politics, while our ideas and our system of government have been evolved from the Greek and Roman conception of nation and state. Such ideas have not yet begun to be assimilated by the "fellah"—the peasant class. That need not signify that the "fellah" is totally incapable of voicing his will; he has a practical mind, is a realist by instinct, and is, without a doubt, the best and most reliable element in the Egyptian race, of which he is a far more worthy member than the many strangers within his gates—Turks, Armenians, Jews, mixed Levantines, etc.—who have no real claim to be styled Egyptians. The latter endeavour to lead him into the paths of so-called democracy, but he himself is by no means in favour of a regime which he does not understand and reforms which are far removed from his secular traditions.

When the "fellah" is given a ballot paper, he does not vote for a political party so much as for one particular man, whom he probably fears; thus alone can be explained his persistency in voting for a shadow, that of Saad Zaghlul Pasha. What he most wants is to be left alone, to work in peace, in his own way, on his particular plot of land, for he hates innovations. In any event, the supposedly secret ballot is not secret at all, and the "fellah's" vote is thus controlled by fear of the consequences. The fellahin are completely illiterate, and political news and opinions are disseminated entirely by word of mouth, or by means of a student reading extracts from newspapers. Only the wildest and most fanatical doctrinaire could seriously maintain that universal suffrage should be applied to an agricultural people who can neither read nor write. A certain minimum of education and a tradition of administrative government are a *sine qua non* for any sort of parliamentary system. The dawn of a nation's consciousness comes after the night of its ignorance. Ignorance may decide its own fate,

but it does so blindly, and the decision is hardly worthy of the name. In practice, it substitutes an elected oligarchy for an oligarchy of birth.

In Egypt, even if the educated minimum had been attained, much would still be needed to fit the country for a parliamentary regime. This was clearly shown by the recent attitude of the Wafd, which, when standing for election on the issue of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty, did not even deign to state its attitude to this all-important question. What it wanted from its constituents was not a clearly expressed opinion for or against proposals which were negotiated by a hated rival, but a *carte blanche* for the Wafd to dispose of the country's fate—and finance. Besides, there is the question of administration. Such bodies have to grow; they cannot be created in the short span of a decade or two. Those of the parliamentary nations of Europe are several centuries old. Their efficiency rests on tradition, their atmosphere is one of continuity.

Parliamentary government is in itself unstable. It is, and must be, subject to the fluctuations of public opinion, and unless it is counter-balanced by the weight of a permanent and efficient civil service, such instability becomes a danger. This is so well understood in England and other countries that the large bodies of administrative officials of State have learnt to detach their personal sympathies in the pursuance of their duties, regardless of the political colour of the Government of the day.

In Egypt, on the contrary, it is the usual thing for a Minister to replace many responsible officials nominated by his predecessor by men of his own choosing. It has happened many times, and will doubtless happen again. Thus wielded, parliamentary government becomes a dangerous weapon, apt to recoil like a boomerang on those who send it forth.

The significance of the unrealistic attitude of the people of Egypt to matters of high political importance, and their almost complete indifference to all that a parliamentary system implies, were demonstrated at the last election by the fact that nearly one-half of the constituencies were uncontested, the voters accepting out of hand the name of any candidate suggested to them. When the British Government demanded, last summer, that the will

of the country should be expressed upon the treaty proposals, through a duly elected parliamentary representation, they either deliberately shut their eyes to facts, or were completely out of touch with actualities. At the time Egypt was being governed in a nominally unconstitutional manner, with Mohammed Mahmoud Pasha, a graduate of Balliol and a moderate politician, at the head of the Administration. Parliament had been suspended by King Fuad's decree for the period of three years. Of this period, only some fifteen months had passed, but in that short time vigorous reforms had been instituted, much needed and long delayed constructional works put in hand, and the country was settling down to an era of industrial and economic progress. Moreover, the Government was not regarded unfavourably by British and other foreign interests in Egypt, it being recognized that in Mahmoud Pasha a politician with statesmanlike qualities had arisen.

Into this highly promising situation the Labour Government crashed by imposing upon Mahmoud Pasha, who happened to be on a summer holiday in London, a treaty which he had not sought, and making its acceptance dependent upon the return of "Parliamentary Government." The relatively calm waters of Egyptian politics were immediately lashed into storm, and the mutinous crew of Wafdists were given the opportunity, for which they had been waiting, of getting control of the ship. As to their ability to govern, nobody cared. During the six months they have been in office their main activities have been to plant their supporters in administrative positions, to organize mob popularity for themselves on every possible occasion, and to dissipate £E.13,000,000 of Egypt's hardly-won reserve fund in ill-advised and futile attempts to bolster up the cotton market for the benefit of their land-owning friends. But, from Mr. Henderson's point of view, they served their purpose as negotiators, having been duly elected to be the people's representatives. Instead of supporting the efforts of an administrator who was bringing stable government to a country which aspired to independence, the British Government had flung a spanner into the machinery. The statesmanlike course would have been for Great Britain to defer the offer of a treaty

until Egypt was ready for it, and, meanwhile, by every means in her power to strengthen the steady and tranquil regime which had been set up to counteract the ineffectiveness and administrative futility of the parliament it superseded. By the end of Mahmoud Pasha's three years it might have been possible to assemble a council of all political parties with a view to the issue of a joint manifesto setting out the main features of a proposed treaty, and thus to prepare public opinion for an election held upon that one main issue. Democratic theory might thus have been made to square with actual facts. As it is, the British Government, instead of probing the feelings of the people of Egypt, threw their offer headlong into an oligarchical hornet's nest, while even the former Egyptian representatives, who first discussed in London the possibilities and prospects of a treaty, have been left high and dry, and not even considered.

The result and the substance of the negotiations with the Wafd Delegation are now well known, and have been generally discussed. Nahas Pasha, after all he had promised his supporters, could not take back to Egypt substantially the same treaty as Mahmoud Pasha had taken back. Even the considerable concessions which the British negotiators offered, beyond Mr. Henderson's "extreme limit," were not enough to save Nahas's face; so they asked for the moon, in the shape of the Sudan, and that proved too much even for the Labour Government. But the cardinal blunder remains uncorrected, and the irresponsible oligarchy which our democratic Foreign Secretary pitchforked into power is still hoping that Mr. Henderson can be squeezed a little further. The offers contained in the White Paper are "still available," and though the latest draft treaty has been rejected for the moment, it is a fact that the Wafdist politicians regard a concession offered as a concession gained—and act accordingly. It is safe to say that, whenever discussions are reopened, the present stage of the negotiations will be taken as a starting point—in the hope that, as in the past, still further concessions will be extracted from a British Government eager to gain credit for a "lasting and honourable" settlement of the Egyptian question.

Throughout the ranks of Wafd supporters there is a

strong tendency to adopt an attitude of scarcely veiled insolence towards foreigners, and particularly towards British subjects. There is a feeling that the days of Britain are numbered. Colour is lent to this carefully fostered notion by all the news about Britain which is printed in the Nationalist Press—our unemployment figures, which are regularly cabled out, and appear, with lugubrious detail; the unrest in India, Palestine and Transjordania, and our pacific method of handling these problems; the reduction of our Navy even beyond the requirements of the recent treaty; and the proposed reduction in numbers of our troops in Egypt and their removal from the populous areas. All these things are regarded as signs of weakness, indicating that Britain can no longer afford to retain her dominant position, either in Egypt or elsewhere; the greatest sign of all is our willingness to become more and more accommodating every time the anti-British Wafd spokesmen press their demands.

It is high time to cry a halt and insist upon a period of stable government in Egypt as an indispensable condition of reopening negotiations—and then to negotiate with a slate wiped clean.

NOTE.—Since the above was written events have, with unexpected swiftness, justified the truth of my contentions. The Wafdist Cabinet has proved its complete ineptitude for government, and Nahas Pasha has resigned in preference to facing the music. The inspired Wafdist Press, which a few weeks ago was professing nothing but friendship and goodwill to the British Government, is now ascribing its political crisis to the machinations of that same Government! The Wafd, like their spiritual mentors, the Bolshevists, speak with two voices: one for listeners-in at home, the other for foreign stations. Whatever may happen between the time this note is printed and the date of its publication can only confirm the need for a frank declaration by Great Britain that all previous treaty offers are cancelled, and that it will negotiate in the future only with a Government which has proved by its record that it is competent to govern its own people and protect the foreigners within its gates.

The Rumanian Restoration

By Politicus

THE fortunes of the Rumanian dynasty, which became so unhappily tangled four years ago when King Ferdinand decided, on the advice of M. Jean Bratianu, to exclude his eldest son from succession to the throne, have been straightened out again in the most judicious manner possible. Prince Carol forced the obstacles which prevented his return in a somewhat high-handed manner, but events seem to be proving that he was right in doing so. If he had waited to be invited to return by Parliament—a solution which was very much on the cards—he could only have come as a member of the Council of Regency, and when once he had accepted this position, the step to the throne would have been far more difficult. The tangle would have been only half unravelled.

The so-called "law of January 4, 1926," which excluded him from the succession and appointed his son Michael heir to the throne in his place, was a formidable barrier to overcome. Since Prince Michael was only five years of age when King Ferdinand died, it involved the incorporation of the Council of Regency, foreseen by the constitution, the three members of which had already been nominated before the King's death. Thus Prince Carol's way to the throne became doubly barred. In his path lay not only his own son, but an amorphous body without a personality, as cumbrous and difficult to move as a three-legged horse drawing a three-wheeled cart. His son might have abdicated in his favour, but he could not do that until he became of age, and until then the matter rested with the three Regents, who were constitutionally unable to take of their own volition any step which could change the situation.

In point of fact it was the very futility of the Regency which helped to make Prince Carol's return possible. The disadvantages of the three-headed council were obvious from the first. It had no personality and no initiative, but its weakest point was that no procedure had been laid down for filling vacancies in it when they

occurred. On the death of M. Buzdugan, one of its three original members, this weakness became flagrantly obvious, for, in default of any other method of selection, his place was filled by vote of Parliament. This made membership of the Council a political appointment, and it was clear that the Council was destined to become a political instrument instead of being above politics.

If the National Peasants' Party had produced a strong and successful government, the weakness of the Sovereign Power might not have been so painfully felt. But the Maniu Government proved a disappointment. By the beginning of this year it had become apparent that it was making little or no headway against its economic difficulties, and that it was divided against itself. The Opposition parties began to take the offensive with all possible weapons, mines, bombardment and sniping, and it showed itself particularly ineffective and defenceless under these attacks.

These circumstances began to prepare the way for the Prince's return. The National Peasants' Party had always been against his exclusion from the succession. When it came into office in 1928, it had perforce to accept the existing arrangement and take an oath of allegiance to the Regency, but there is no doubt that M. Maniu always looked upon an invitation to the Prince to return as a card to be played in the last resort if he found his position seriously threatened by the Liberals. In March and April, when he found his defences being heavily attacked, he began to make preparations to play this card, should it be required.

What correspondence passed between him and Prince Carol it is impossible to say, but there is reason to believe that he sounded the Prince on his willingness to come back as a member of the Council of Regency (in which event M. Maniu undertook to arrange the resignation of M. Saratsea-nu), and that the Prince refused to commit himself. It is clear from what followed that he was determined to become King and that he did not wish to bind himself to any political party. Other members of M. Maniu's cabinet, above all M. Michalache, were now pressing M. Maniu to take the initiative in recalling the

Prince, but the Premier temporized, being anxious to arrange it on his own conditions.

Public opinion, seeing the country in serious difficulties, the Government apparently weak and divided, and the Regency playing a completely passive *rôle*, was now beginning to become vocal in favour of the Prince. At a congress of General Averescu's party, held just before Easter, the casual mention of his name provoked a spontaneous burst of cheers. General Averescu took the hint, and wasted no time in getting into communication with him and promising him the support of his party should he return.

Circumstances were thus rapidly combining to further the restoration. Apart from the Liberal Party, which had made the maintenance of the law of January 4, 1926, a cardinal point in its policy, the whole of Rumania, if not actively favourable to the Prince's return, was not inclined to oppose it. He had always been popular with the peasants, and the army was devoted to him.

Shortly after Easter there occurred an incident which had a profound influence on the situation. M. Vintila Bratianu, the head of the Liberal Party, accused the Government of conducting pourparlers with the Prince for his return, and started a violent campaign against him. There was ground for his allegations in the fact that M. Lugojanu, a member of the Government, who was on a financial mission in Paris about this time, had been secretly visiting the Prince on behalf of the Prime Minister. The Government confiscated the Liberal papers which contained these attacks, and eventually forbade the mention of the Prince's name in the Press, on the ground that it excited to dangerous political controversy, but the campaign had had its effect, just the opposite of what M. Bratianu expected. It provoked a fresh wave of popular sympathy with Prince Carol, which made it certain that, if he returned to Rumania, he would be welcomed as a hero.

Meanwhile a small number of the Prince's partisans had for some time past been making plans for his return, with his knowledge and approval. The Prince, as we have seen, had made up his mind that he would be King, and had come to the conclusion that it would be best to

present the political parties with a *fait accompli* in his presence on Rumanian soil. Accordingly he continued to accept the encouragements and suggestions which he was receiving from politicians in Bucharest without committing himself in any way, and only informed them that he was coming a day or two before his arrival.

A detailed account of these plans and the way they were subsequently put into execution has been published in the Bucharest newspaper *Dimineatza*. The chief organizer was M. Mihai Manoilescu, who had been tried by court-martial three years before under the Bratianu Government on a charge of conspiring to bring about Prince Carol's return. The technical arrangements were made principally by Lieutenant-Colonel Precup, who had been a member of the court which acquitted M. Manoilescu. They were assisted by several other officers and government officials in Rumania. The Rumanian military attaché in Paris, Colonel Tataranu, was in the plot, and an important part was played by Colonel Dahinten, commanding the air-force at Cluj. The conspirators completed their final arrangements by a telegraphic code in which the Prince figured as " Marie " and Precup as " Sophie." A French aeroplane was hired to take the Prince from Munich to Cluj, where Colonel Dahinten was to provide for his further transport to Bucharest.

It had been arranged that the Prince should land about dusk on the evening of June 6 on the parade-ground at Cotroceni, just outside Bucharest, where the two battalions of *chasseurs* stationed there were to be ready to receive him. The journey did not go entirely according to plan. The Prince arrived safely at Munich on the 5th, with a false passport. Colonel Precup had preceded him to Cluj the day before to make the final arrangements, taking the Prince's uniform with him in his luggage. At 7 a.m. on the 6th the Prince left Munich in the French aeroplane, accompanied by a Rumanian officer who had told the pilot that he was carrying important despatches; the Prince's identity was unsuspected. After crossing the Rumanian frontier the aeroplane had to come down twice owing to lack of oil; fortunately it was met by a Rumanian military machine which had been sent out from

Cluj, and in this the Prince eventually reached Cluj, about 7 in the evening. Half an hour later he set out in another military aeroplane for Bucharest. By the time the aeroplane reached the capital it was night, and the pilot had to come down on the main aerodrome instead of on the unlighted parade-ground at Cotroceni. Thence the Prince drove by car to the barracks at Cotroceni, where he arrived shortly before midnight.

M. Maniu, as well as the other politicians with whom the Prince had been in contact, had been informed of his intention of entering the country about the time that he left Paris. The Premier's mind was thus made up for him. He had intended to figure as the principal agent in the Prince's return, but the Prince had forestalled him. He seems to have made an attempt to regain the initiative. When he heard that the Prince had arrived at Cluj and had left again by air for Bucharest, he sent Dr. Vajda, the Minister of the Interior, and General Nicoleanu, the Prefect of Police, to meet the Prince on the aerodrome and invite him politely but firmly to accompany them to Cotroceni Palace. Here M. Maniu proposed to meet him and discuss what should be done next before the Prince had an opportunity of entering into contact with his other supporters. When Dr. Vajda and the General reached the aerodrome, they found that the Prince had already arrived and driven off. They followed on his track to Cotroceni and called at the Palace, but found only Prince Nicholas, who had been expecting his brother since 6 o'clock in the afternoon and was getting seriously concerned about him.

For two hours or more the Government remained ignorant of the Prince's whereabouts. It was not until 1.45 a.m. that cheers and music were heard at the gateway of the Palace, and the two battalions of *chasseurs*, with bands playing and colours flying, marched into the court-yard with Prince Carol at their head. Prince Nicholas, who was in complete sympathy with his brother's venture, welcomed him warmly. The intervening two hours had been spent by Prince Carol in the *chasseur* barracks, where some busy telephoning must have taken place. At any rate, by midnight the Central Post Office was under military control, and soon after 2 o'clock there arrived at

Cotroceni three generals devoted to the Prince's cause, whose presence assured him of the control of the army, General Presan, General Condeescu, the Minister of War, and General Cihoski, who had preceded him in that post. General Cihoski was at once entrusted with the command of all the armed forces of the capital. M. Maniu arrived about the same time, but his interview with the Prince took place in circumstances rather different from what he had intended. The Prince was already in practical command of the situation.

From this moment there was no question that Prince Carol would become King. M. Maniu, however, was not convinced. When the cabinet met some five hours later, he took the line that the Prince must enter the Council of Regency. A strong section of the cabinet, headed by M. Michalache, insisted that, now that the Prince had overridden the law which excluded him from the country, the only thing was to go the whole hog and repeal the law in question, thus restoring him to his rights as heir to the throne. M. Maniu's objection to this was that it would involve disloyalty to the Regency, to which the cabinet had taken the oath of allegiance. One of M. Maniu's most remarkable qualities is an extraordinary pertinacity. He actually stuck to his guns until late in the afternoon, by which time it was evident to everybody, not only that the vast majority of the capital was in favour of making Prince Carol king at once, but that the Prince had the means of having himself made king by the army, whatever the cabinet might decide. Then he resigned, and his place was promptly taken by M. Mironescu, who formed a new cabinet in half an hour. The constitutional mechanism for proclaiming a new king was devised and put into operation at once, and by 4 o'clock the following afternoon the deed was done, less than 24 hours after Prince Carol had crossed the frontier. The cheers of the people of Bucharest as the Prince drove to the parliament, and when he emerged again as King, proved that the decision was the only reasonable one, and it has been handsomely endorsed since then by the immense majority of the Rumanian nation.

The Future of the International Settlement at Shanghai

By Brigadier-General C. D. Bruce

Sometime Chief Commissioner of the Shanghai Municipal Police

PRESUMABLY the future control and government of Shanghai, or, as is hoped, of a "Greater" Shanghai to include the present French Concession, the Chinese city, and various Chinese suburbs, will eventually become a matter for separate discussion between China and the Great Powers outside the ordinary diplomatic channels.

The issues at stake are so serious and wide-reaching and the difficulties of finding a satisfactory method of joint control so intricate that only a special commission can adequately deal with them. Much has recently been done by the Shanghai Municipal Council to lay a foundation for mutual co-operation. But to build a bridge which will bear the weight of joint control will tax to the utmost the goodwill of both sides.

To the minds of many leading politicians in China, extra-territoriality is still the red rag to the bull. For this reason mutual co-operation for the control and government of Greater Shanghai by Chinese and foreigners must be assured before any definite suggestions can be officially made.

So immense are the general issues at stake that for some time to come there can be no question of surrendering sole control of Shanghai to any purely Chinese authority. The Nationalist Government, by its mandate of December 28 last, declared extra-territoriality abolished from January 1, 1930. Therefore, *ipso facto*, it is demanding sole control of all foreign Treaty Ports and trade Settlements. To this mandate the British Government has replied by two *aides-mémoire* explicitly explaining the British position in view of such a demand. Both have been published.

On the other hand, we have Dr. Hu Shih, that brilliant exponent of the Chinese Renaissance and all that is best in the new spirit, counselling co-operation.

He points out that what Japan has done in fifty years without losing her indigenous culture, China could do and live again, rejuvenated with enhanced vitality.

"The real problem in China to-day," he said lately, "is that our old culture is no longer capable of meeting the needs of the nation and solving the tremendously difficult problems of the age. It is no longer capable of dealing with the problems of Poverty, Disease, Ignorance and Corruption—the four cardinal enemies of the nation. The duty of the statesman and the leader of thought is to recognize these enemies of the country and to seek to subjugate them. And in their fight against them, they have the perfect right to draw on the past experiences and cultural achievement of the whole world. The newer civilization of the Modern World is the magazine house of weapons and ammunition for the warrior to choose from and use. It furnishes the stone and brick and the patterns for the Chinese builder to pick and take for his gigantic edifice."

Unfortunately for the Chinese people, the spirit of Dr. Hu Shih is far removed from that of most leading Chinese politicians to-day. Were men of outstanding vision and wide views such as are his in a position to translate their ideas into action, the future status of Shanghai, not to say of China itself, would be a much simpler matter to solve.

Before any near approach is made towards examining details for the future mutual control and government of Shanghai, or, as it will eventually become, Greater Shanghai, it will be essential to secure an atmosphere of reciprocity, Chinese and foreign. Upon one side, at present, in spite of the clearly avowed intention of Great Britain and America to assist in every way the reunification of China, there remains still a suspicion of the faith of all foreign Powers. On the other, foreign residents in China, particularly in such flourishing trade centres as Shanghai, Tientsin, and Canton (Shameen), are suspicious of any attempt to hand over these rich, foreign-made, up-to-date trade centres to the sole control of any Chinese Government. They have before their eyes the pitiful fate of Hankow. The "Mayor" of a Greater Shanghai and his chosen subordinates would, they

believe, be puppets acting under the direct control of the Chinese Government. Such men, they are convinced by years of first-hand experience, possess, as yet, neither the ability nor the training to govern a vast modern municipality whose annual budget already, under the Municipal Council, runs into millions of dollars a year. The handling of such a budget and of the general finances of Shanghai is one of the items which will call for the utmost care in considering future joint administration. Some three years ago the writer suggested in the *Times* that Greater Shanghai should be made a free city, the inviolability of which might be guaranteed by the Great Powers. There is no less need to-day for some such discrimination. The object of the suggestion was, of course, to remove any possibility of attack by militarist leaders eager to profit by its—to them—almost incredible wealth. To any militarist, the control of a Greater Shanghai would mean a veritable gold mine.

Intelligent Chinese know well what has been done in the past by foreigners, both for the International Settlement and for the French Concession at Shanghai. They are equally well aware that such results could never have been reached under any purely Chinese jurisdiction or administration which has yet matured. But they naturally object to voicing publicly any such opinions, for fear of becoming marked men. Greater Shanghai, with all its manifold problems of municipal administration, will tax to the full the governing powers of highly-trained experts. Old-fashioned or even present-day Chinese methods left to themselves will speedily bring to ruin this wonderful monument of foreign enterprise and efficiency. It may be as well to recall what has been done by the London County Council. From its ranks has come more than one well-known leader fully equipped by its searching training to take a prominent position in public life, political or otherwise.

Before attempting to forecast what form the future control and government of Greater Shanghai may take, one essential condition must be assumed. This condition is the existence of some kind of Central Government in China. But who can say what government will be functioning in China five, ten, or fifteen years from now?

It will obviously be worse than useless to hand over the control of Greater Shanghai to a government which may be swept away to-morrow, a government whose chief and cabinet might be forced to fly for their lives abroad, as has nearly happened already. Such a course is not likely to appeal to the responsible statesmen representing the Great Powers.

The present Nationalist Government, we are sometimes informed, controls and governs a unified China. This is, of course, merely a *façon de parler* which has been made use of by every revolutionary government in history until it made good—or disappeared. To-day in China such language cannot be taken seriously. The Nationalist Government is, no doubt, doing its best, but as yet it does not represent the people of China. Like the pianist in the mining saloon, it asks the audience not to shoot at it. But this is hardly sufficient. It is unnecessary here to labour the point, but ample evidence is forthcoming to prove that barely half a dozen provinces to-day recognize the control of Nanking. Amongst these happens to be included for the time being that province in which Shanghai is situated, but a swing of the pendulum in Chinese politics may at any time rudely disturb the existing equilibrium. The present International Settlement at Shanghai would certainly be the immediate objective for any victorious militarist, or for any party which was able to overthrow the current government. Who, in China, can guarantee to-day the future security of Greater Shanghai?

The Chinese people, now suffering so terribly from the universal lapse from law and order, are fully aware that there have in previous periods of their national history been frequent intervals of chaos and anarchy. In those days, dynasty after dynasty arose, sometimes powerful at first and successful; later, like the Manchu Dynasty, sick and honeycombed with disease, and finally yielding to renewed chaos. But in past days there was always the chance of a powerful dynasty supervening. Its ruler, as Yuan Shih-Kai attempted to do, gathered up the scattered threads of government, grasped once more with a firm hand the reins his predecessor's weakness had let fall and re-unified the warring provinces.

To-day, under a republican regime, this appears an impossibility, yet no other form of government is conceivable. Already for nearly a score of years anarchy has prevailed in China. Who can attempt to predict how long these conditions may not continue?

If what has so far been written is a fair summary of the facts, the future of Greater Shanghai must for many years to come lie in joint Chinese and foreign control. Before examining the general lines this control may take, it is necessary for the sake of readers who have no first-hand acquaintance with Shanghai to sketch in outline the position of what is, probably, the most cosmopolitan city in the world.

Like that portion of London which lies along the north bank and curve of the river Thames as one ascends the stream from Rotherhithe to Vauxhall Bridge, a distance of about five miles, the eastern portion of the International Settlement lies along the north bank of the Whangpu river at Shanghai. Nowhere is the north to south depth of this strip much more than one mile wide. The total length from east to west within the boundaries of the International Settlement is between seven and eight miles. But westwards, as in almost every big city, a district has grown up stretching another five to six miles, a rapidly expanding residential country area. This district is supervised by the authorities of the International Settlement.

Immediately south of and touching the western portion of the International Settlement lies the French concession. Both these areas are, or were until Chinese become eligible as members of the Shanghai Municipal Council, solely under foreign control. Unlike the International Settlement, the French Concession has barely one mile of river frontage, from which it is more or less cut off by the Chinese city of Shanghai. This is, and has always been, solely under Chinese jurisdiction.

Across the Whangpu river from Shanghai, and on the south bank in Chinese territory, is a district known as Pootung: as it might be, a strip of Bermondsey, Southwark and Kennington. This district is not under foreign control, but, like the south bank of the Thames, contains many valuable wharves and "go-downs," the property

of foreign firms. What is *not* always realized by those unacquainted with Shanghai is that immediately outside the actual boundaries of the International Settlement and the French Concession is China, where, of course, Chinese jurisdiction alone prevails.

Again, these boundaries are, in most parts, purely artificial, sometimes an open road, at others a muddy canal or creek. Only in one portion, as already described, does the Whangpu river form a natural boundary. Biting into and immediately adjoining the International Settlement and French Concession are, as mentioned, the Chinese city and on the north the densely crowded Chinese suburb of Chapei, both under the sole control of the Chinese.

In normal times the International Settlement is controlled and administered by the Shanghai Municipal Council, and is in many ways merely a reproduction of any up-to-date modern English town or city. The various departments of municipal control, such as Police, Health, Public Works, Fire, and Lighting, have always been most carefully budgeted for with discriminating and conscientious finance. Outside the areas of municipal government, control remains in Chinese hands. Although much has been attempted lately in the way of modern improvements, the gulf between the two methods is yet far from being bridged. As all the world is aware, there are in the International Settlement private houses, banks, shops, hotels, business premises worthy of London or Paris. But such is the wellnigh incredible contrast between the International Settlement and its immediate surroundings that a Chinaman might arrive overnight who, before leaving his ancestral home in the interior, had never seen a foreigner, a railway, a steamship or artificial lighting.

In normal times, again, the safety of this almost incalculable wealth is ensured by an extremely efficient police force under sole municipal control. But immediately outside the Settlement boundary there is nothing to prevent, and a very great deal to encourage, the presence of the worst and most desperate criminal classes in China. Dressed in the ordinary garb of a Chinese merchant or farmer, such men can walk fully armed

where and when they choose into the heart of the International Settlement.

Here, then, side by side we find two totally different civilizations at work. Add to the above facts the knowledge that the ships of almost every seafaring nation on the face of the globe ply to and from Shanghai; that seamen of almost every class and creed throng its busy streets by night and by day; that nearly a score of foreign Consuls-General reside there in order to administer the laws of some twenty different countries they represent, and some idea may be gathered of the difficulties of arranging for a unified and satisfactory control of Greater Shanghai.

Shanghai is to-day the commercial centre of a country of some 450,000,000 inhabitants, 85 per cent. of whom are at present agriculturists, though a large proportion of these will eventually be industrialized. What Shanghai was fifty years ago is a matter of history. What Greater Shanghai may become as a commercial centre fifty years from now is a thought to stagger the imagination of the most prosaic business mind. There have been rumours that Greater Shanghai may well become the Capital City of China. There are good reasons both for and against any such proposition, as all who are acquainted with Chinese mentality are aware. The strongest claim for creating a modern capital out of Greater Shanghai is that already Shanghai holds pride of place as the first commercial city in the land.

The main difficulty in the creation of a Greater Shanghai will not be to unify the various localities which will eventually compose its one harmonious whole, but to find a method satisfactory to Chinese amour-propre of affording complete independence of Chinese government control to the Chinese members of what we may still call the Shanghai Municipal Council. Amongst attendant local problems are these: the provision of the new town-planning powers which will be required; limitation of local government powers within the Greater Shanghai region; creation of open spaces; powers for the reservation and acquisition of land; control of what is known as "ribbon development," sporadic building, and prospective building values; and power for the

redistribution of dense populations according to areas. These are a few of the questions which to-day are being so keenly examined in European and American cities.

A second major problem will be the manipulation, so far as is possible, of widely varying methods and organizations into one comprehensive system of modern judicial control.

For success in the creation of any scheme for the future of Greater Shanghai, mutual and sympathetic understanding is essential. A settled policy can only shape itself by mutual agreement. Divergent policies, as has lately been remarked, will merely, if pursued, continue the war-cries of parties holding briefs for non-reconciliation. Sweep these on one side, and an abiding and consolidated prosperity is assured for Greater Shanghai. As Dr. Hu Shih hopes, the future may see the Chinese people gradually acquiring a new outlook, adapting itself to alien customs and novel foreign institutions, yet, since such things are not altered by policies, remaining, as was once said of another race, in temper and character fundamentally Chinese. Nor is Dr. Hu Shih alone in entertaining such hopes.

Problems for the New Church Assembly

By Wm. Marshall Freeman*

THE quinquennial elections to the new House of Laity in the Church Assembly, which must take place in every diocese during July, August and September of the present year, may well prove fateful to the whole future of the Church of England. The questions looming ahead, all of which must be dealt with during the five years that will elapse before another House of Laity has to be elected, are numerous and, in some matters, highly controversial. When the Commission to be appointed by the Archbishops to inquire into the relations between Church and State arising out of the rejection of the Prayer Book Measure by the House of Commons publishes its report, there will doubtless be ample material for a conflagration. It is, however, generally supposed that the appointment of that Commission may be regarded as a means of holding up all controversy upon that subject for an indefinite period—at least, it is being openly declared that such was the ulterior motive of those responsible for it. There are, of course, two distinct opinions among Churchmen as to the wisdom of setting up any Commission at all. One section—probably by far the largest—holds that the very fact of setting up such a Commission to inquire into the relations between Church and State amounts to an admission of the inevitability of disestablishment, and is a direct encouragement to the Bishop of Durham to persist in his campaign, the object of which would seem to be to force the issue of disestablishment, despite the fact that the overwhelming body of Churchmen of all shades of opinion as to ritual are opposed to it—to say nothing of the vast body of Nonconformist opinion, which is against the raising of any such issue.

For good or evil, however, the Commission has been

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authorized by the Assembly, and although, up to the time these lines are being written, the names of its members have not been announced, it may be assumed that it will presently begin to function, and that for several years at all events no report will be forthcoming, and no issue thereon will be raised in the Assembly. The respite should enable the Assembly to give its attention to two great and urgent problems, the settlement of which might well remove the whole cause of the existing trouble in the Church, and even clear the way for a final settlement of the vexed question of Prayer Book Revision. Those two problems are: (*a*) The Reform of the Ecclesiastical Courts; and (*b*) The Revision of the Entire System of Church Finance. Each has been the subject of inquiry and report by a Commission set up at the instance of the Church Assembly. The two subjects are interlocked at various points. The Report on the Ecclesiastical Courts was issued in 1926 and has been entirely held up ever since, despite the urgent representations of many Churchmen as to the wisdom of dealing with that issue before attempting to secure the assent of Parliament to Prayer Book Revision. The Report on the Property and Revenues of the Church was published as far back as 1924, and, although certain parts of it have borne fruit in such directions as pensions, patronage and dilapidations (and to that extent it has not been wholly disregarded), the greater issues arising out of it still remain untouched. It is primarily with that Report and those issues that the present article is concerned.

To appreciate all that is at stake, the investigator will do well to begin by taking a general survey in order not only to realize the magnitude of the subject, but also to gain a clear appreciation of the areas covered by the expression "Property and Revenues," their points of contact and the extent to which they are interlocked, and the numerous subsidiary questions that must arise whenever any area or department is brought under review.

In January 1921, pursuant to a resolution of the then newly-created Church Assembly, the Archbishops appointed a Commission of Inquiry into this subject. The terms of reference afford the most comprehensive

epitome that can be found of the extent and complexity of the questions involved; so I will quote them:

> To make a full and correct inquiry respecting all Property and Revenues from whatever source derived, appropriated or applicable to purposes of the Church of England in England (including income raised for such purposes by voluntary contributions), and in particular respecting the Property and Revenues belonging to the several Archbishoprics and Bishoprics, to the Deans and Chapters of Cathedral and Collegiate Churches, and to Dignities, Minor Corporations and Offices therein, and to all other Benefices, Dignities, Preferments, with or without cure of souls, and Offices (including lay offices) in the Church of England, and respecting the properties, funds, and revenues administered by the Ecclesiastical Commission, and Queen Anne's Bounty, and the Central Board of Finance of the Church of England, and by the several Diocesan Boards of Finance, and Bodies of Diocesan Boards of Finance, and Bodies of Diocesan Trustees, and by Societies established to support or promote the work of the Church of England in England; and respecting the Patronage of all Ecclesiastical Dignities, Preferments, Benefices, and Offices, and Patronage exercisable by Ecclesiastical persons.

The Report, published in 1924, deals very faithfully with the many forms of property here specified, and offers substantial material for debate in the Church Assembly during the next five years.

Upon dissecting that epitome, we find that the property of the Church may be classified broadly into four distinct categories. There is, first, the property held by individual corporations, including those known as "corporations sole," and by local or special trusts. Secondly, there is the property held by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners; thirdly, that held by the Governors of Queen Anne's Bounty; and fourthly, that held by the Central Board of Finance. "Property," in the strict sense, differs from revenues: it may be real or personal—land and buildings, tithe-rents and similar customary dues, stocks and shares, and other investments. "Revenues" will include not only the product of all property, but the voluntary contributions and subscriptions of the faithful for diocesan, parochial, or special purposes. It is not possible to produce anything in the nature of a complete or accurate statement of the amount of money "appropriated or applicable to purposes of the Church"—the whole financial system of the

Church is too complex for that—but we can get a general idea of what is regularly available for the needs of the Church from published returns. Here are some of them:

The Ecclesiastical Commissioners administer an income approximating £3½ millions derived from their Common Fund and Trust Funds.

The Governors of Queen Anne's Bounty—about £400,000.

The income of the older Cathedral Chapters—about £150,000.

The total income of English benefices derived from permanent sources—about £3½ millions.

These figures are merely an indication of the extent of the durable income of the Church: they take no account of voluntary offerings or moneys collected which are by no means confined to ecclesiastical purposes, but are largely national in the truest sense. Some idea of the extent of the latter may be gained from the fact that from 1884 to 1928 no less than £53,000,000 was collected and expended on church buildings. That sum, exceeding a million a year, largely represents the repair of cathedrals and other ancient buildings, not dealt with as "Ancient Monuments," at the public expense, and it gives some slight clue to the value of the real estate belonging to the Church. Then, again, during 1928, voluntary offerings to church expenses totalled £5,800,000, and over £4,000,000 was collected, in addition, for purposes other than church expenses. This represents more than three times the income from endowments. Again, according to the latest return, there are over 12,000 parsonage houses to be kept in repair by the clergy; half a million a year would not meet the cost of this, and what capital value is there represented it would be difficult to say. But these figures help to give some idea of the assets that are uncounted when we speak of "Property and Revenues," and they might be multiplied in detail very considerably and in numerous directions. People who talk glibly about disestablishment and *disendowment* would do well to ponder over what Churchmen to-day are doing for the nation in these particular directions.

At present the three great administrative bodies

dealing with Church property and revenues are Queen Anne's Bounty, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and the Central Board of Finance. It will, perhaps, be convenient here to make a digression into ecclesiastical history—which, however, need not be pursued further back than the days of Henry VIII, commonly, though not quite accurately, known as the Reformation days. Up to that time—indeed, since William the Norman separated the ecclesiastical from the civil jurisdiction—Church finance had proceeded on very undesirable lines. Extortion entered very largely into the administration of matrimonial and testamentary law. Long before Tudor times, some of these exactions had become intolerable. As early as the reign of Edward III, a statute had been passed for the purpose of regulating the "outrageous and grievous fines and sums of money taken by the ministers of bishops and other ordinaries of Holy Church for the probate of testaments," and in the third year of Henry V another statute had been passed, the operation of which was only made temporary, because "the ordinaries did then promise to reform and amend the oppressions and exactions complained of." This statute of Henry V was recited in a statute of Henry VIII, by which the promises of reform are described as having proved worthless—"nothing reformed or amended, but greatly augmented and increased against right and justice." This was one of a series of statutes passed by the famous Parliament which met at Westminster on November 3, 1529, and continued until April 14, 1536. It has always been known as the "Reformation" Parliament, and had, indeed, been summoned for the express purpose of remodelling the constitution and administrative methods of the Church. Modern Church finance may be said to have emerged from the doings of that famous Parliament. Its first energies—aimed, of course, at the destruction of Papal supremacy—were directed to restraining the privileges and exactions of the clergy. During its first session, three statutes were passed, the first being that referred to above, which reduced the fees payable on grant of probate or letters of administration to fixed and reasonable limits. The next dealt with the mortuary fees or "corse presents," as they were called, exacted by

the parochial clergy upon the death of parishioners. The Act recites that these had been

> over-excessive to the poor people and other persons of this realm, and also had been demanded and levied for such as at the time of their death have had no property in any goods or chattels, and many times for wayfaring and travelling men in the places where they have fortuned to die.

The fees were reduced to a scale varying from 3s. 4d. to 10s., according to the value of the estate, with total exemption for very small estates and those of wayfaring men, married women, children and non-householders.

A third statute put an end to a variety of scandals. It abolished pluralities with respect to benefices above the yearly value of £8. It made residence compulsory. It forbade papal and episcopal dispensations for pluralities and non-residence, and provided heavy penalties for persons procuring them. It put a stop to trading by clergy—forbidding them from taking land to farm beyond what was absolutely necessary for the support of their own households; or to buy merchandise for re-sale; or to keep brew houses and tanneries—a favourite method in those days of supplementing clerical incomes. Unfortunately, the benefit of this stoppage of dispensations was largely rendered nugatory by the reservation of power to the King to grant these dispensations to his own chaplains and those of the nobility, judges and officials, the brothers and sons of peers, and persons holding degrees in divinity and law. The chief mischief in this reservation lay in the fact that it transferred to the Crown the means which hitherto had been enjoyed by the Pope, of bringing pressure to bear upon the Lower House of Convocation.

Such were the beginnings of the revolution which Henry VIII brought about in the relations between Church and State. The earlier enactments of the "Reformation Parliament" were directed to the reform of the many notorious abuses and exactions in which the Papal power was rooted. But it was at a later stage that the more drastic changes were effected. In 1534, the same Parliament (which, as I have said, was not dissolved until 1536) passed the famous Act of Supremacy, and a measure annexing to the Crown the first-fruits and

tenths of the annual income of all ecclesiastical benefices. (Payment of "annates" or first fruits exacted by the Pope on election of archbishops and bishops had been forbidden by a statute of 1532). So was brought about the destruction of the Papal power and the effective subordination of the National Church to the State. One final blow had yet to be delivered. In 1536, in its final session, the Reformation Parliament passed an Act suppressing the smaller monasteries and transferring their property to the Crown. All religious houses under the yearly value of £200 (376 in number) were thus dealt with. The "Pilgrimage of Grace" and other insurrections which broke out at this spoliation of the smaller and poorer religious houses were easily suppressed; but they gave Henry both excuse and opportunity for the spoliation of the larger monasteries, which he carried out in 1539. Much argument—legal and otherwise—has been expended upon the question whether Henry's conduct was justifiable. Taswell-Langmead points out that, however harsh and unjust the mode of suppression may have been, it was a measure politic in itself, supported by the precedents of the Knight's Templars under Edward III and the alien priories under Henry V, and fraught with benefits to the English nation. He agrees with Hallam* in recognizing the supreme authority of Parliament to confiscate any property, private or corporate, lay or ecclesiastical, for reasons of which it is to be the sole judge (corporate property being, however, on a different footing from private property), and agrees that if Henry, instead of violently confiscating the revenues of the religious houses, had gradually diverted them, it would have been difficult to censure his policy.

From these events emerged the system of Church finance that has obtained until modern times. We can recognize some of the old abuses still. Diocesan chancellors derive a principal part of their remuneration by the exaction of fees for marriage licences from persons whose names they never hear and with whose matrimonial affairs they are in no way concerned. It is essential that the Church Assembly should secure the abolition of this and all similar anomalies that remain,

* "Const. History." 9th ed. p., 398.

so that the whole system of Church finance may be above reproach and beyond criticism in that respect. The Reform of the Ecclesiastical Courts will of necessity involve drastic revision of the status, the office, and the emoluments of the diocesan chancellors. The Property and Revenues Commission in their report admit this, and even go so far as to suggest how reform might be carried out:—

> The range of emoluments received by Chancellors is wide, but with one or two exceptions the sum received is by no means excessive. We think, however, the payment of a fixed sum by way of honorarium out of the Diocesan Fee Fund is a more suitable method of remuneration, and we recommend that this be done, the emolument to be not less than £100 nor more than £300. . . . The fact that it is possible for one individual or firm to hold an almost unlimited number of provincial or diocesan offices is, of course, capable of abuse. We are, however, satisfied that within reason the advantages outweigh the criticisms. In practically all cases the present remuneration cannot be described as excessive, and the work involved is special, in that it demands knowledge of a branch of the law with which few members of either branch of the legal profession have more than a superficial acquaintance. If there were any rules against "pluralities" in this matter, it might quite likely deprive the Church of the services of the best or most suitable men.

It should, however, be pointed out that the office of Diocesan Chancellor is a freehold. It is in the sole gift of the Bishop of the diocese for the time being, and cannot be revoked by his successors. I am told that to-day, six of these chancellorships are actually held by an Official Referee of the High Court of Justice; two more are held by another Official Referee; two are held by a County Court Judge; five are held by the Secretary of the Church Assembly; and two others are held by the Assistant Secretary of the same body.* My informant comments satirically on the implied suggestion that there is a dearth of legal talent to fill these offices, and suggests that it provides a good illustration of the need for an infusion of fresh legal blood into the veins of the not very

* From the same source I am informed that, apart from these 17 chancellorships so held by official personages engaged in other "full-time" occupations, there are 14 others held by four barristers in busy practice—a total of 31 out of 42 held in multiple plurality. The English Bar collectively would be emphatic in its disapproval of this state of things—of that there can be no doubt.

robust little body of lawyers who have succeeded in getting themselves installed as a close corporation at the Church House—a sort of Ecclesiastical Bar asseverating to itself a monopoly of legal talent in that direction. It would be difficult to justify any such claim by reference to the published "Decisions of the Legal Board," or to many of the legislative proposals emanating from the same quarter that have come before the Church Assembly.

But that is not all. Our Bishops appoint not only the Chancellors, but also Diocesan Registrars and Bishops' Legal Secretaries. Concerning the two latter, the Property and Revenues Report says:—

> We think that in most cases it is desirable that these offices should be held by the same individual, who should be paid a fixed salary. There are certain difficulties in the way of this, in view of the fact that the post of Legal Secretary is, unlike the others, not a freehold office; moreover, the obligatory combination might in some cases result in the loss of the services of a valuable man. We think these offices might well be paid by a fixed salary, and that in many cases it might be found practicable and wise to combine these official positions with semi-official diocesan posts, such as Secretary of the Diocesan Board of Finance.

Many authorities hold that the office of Chancellor might and should be abolished entirely as it now exists, and that the whole of the work of the Diocesan Courts, so far as that relates to the holding of courts, could be done by three or four judicial personages appointed for the purpose—one of whom could go down and hold a Diocesan Court in any diocese as and when required. These judicial personages would be in a position to command the respect and confidence of clergy and laity alike. (One of the chief objections both clergy and laity have to the jurisdiction of the Chancellors at the present time is that they are mere nominees of the Bishops, and so cannot be regarded as men of fearless and independent judgment.) The wiping out of some three dozen unnecessary chancellors, moreover, might be a saving of thousands of pounds of Church money. Their principal duty of granting faculties has become a mere ministerial act since the advent of the Diocesan Advisory Committees, as it is only in a very trifling percentage of cases that a legal question arises necessitating a formal hearing in court. Ninety-nine out of a hundred

faculties now granted involve no legal principle, and the ministerial work of granting them might quite well be done by the Diocesan Registrar.

But if these and similar reforms are to be carried out, it is absolutely essential that the Church Assembly should assume full control of Ecclesiastical Finance. In other words, the doings of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners should be made subject to the guidance of the Church Assembly; and if, as seems to be certain in the near future, the work of the Governors of Queen Anne's Bounty is to be merged in that of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the transfer of control to the Church Assembly would effect what is, in the opinion of the laity generally, and of a very large majority of the clergy, a most desirable concentration of financial control. The Church's "Exchequer Department" might then be vested wholly in the Central Board of Finance—a modern creation that has already shown itself to be possessed of most of the qualities that make for economical and effective finance on a large scale. At present it would appear that the Governors of Queen Anne's Bounty are responsible to nobody—except to the Crown direct. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners are nominally responsible to Parliament. Their annual report is duly presented to Parliament, but it might just as well not be printed at all. The amount of interest it excites among Members of Parliament may be judged by the comments of the Auditor-General at the end of his certificate as to the payment of "Civil Service bonus" in excess of the amount allowed by statute—which have appeared regularly for some years past without inspiring even a question in the House!

The greater part of the criticism one hears as to Church finance is directed to the doings of these Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The Property and Revenues Report calls for a reform of their "constitution." The general opinion of the Church calls for their subordination to the Church Assembly. It is widely urged by Churchmen that, just as Imperial finance is subject to the control of the Imperial Parliament, so also ought Church finance to be subjected to the control of the representative Church Parliament. That this view is

gaining ground and becoming emphatic may be seen from the fact that last November a motion was carried in the Assembly making the Cathedrals Commissioners responsible to the Assembly—a significant "gesture."

There will be great disappointment if the new House of Laity does not insist upon a complete and effective overhauling of the Church's financial system—with the clearance of all wastage, overlapping and leakages. The demands now being made upon the faithful require that this shall be done; and the good name of the Church must be cleared from any suggestions that remain of expenditure that ought no longer to continue. As a minimum, the House of Laity should insist that every Commission or other statutory body set up should "be responsible to the Church Assembly; should make to the Church Assembly an annual report upon their work; and should have regard to any resolution passed by the Church Assembly relating to the manner in which their duties are to be carried into effect"—that being the essence of the Cathedral Commissioners' motion already referred to.

I venture to submit this general principle to the consideration of all candidates for the new House of Laity: All administrative functions, other than spiritual, must be controlled by the administering authority being held responsible to their relevant elective body—from the parish to the province. Until that has been accomplished, we shall never get the Church and her finances upon a satisfactory basis.

Mr. Joad in the Thirteenth Century

By Arnold Lunn

I HAVE recently been reading the works of two men separated by seven centuries, the *Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas Aquinas, and "The Present and Future of Religion," by Mr. C. E. M. Joad.

The contrast is instructive. Vast tracts of the "Summa Theologica" are without relevance or interest to-day. Few of the problems which exercised the mind of St. Thomas are debated in the modern world. We do not care whether the nails and hair will rise again at the Last Day, and the good news that the entrails of the body after the Resurrection will be filled "no longer with vile superfluities but with goodly humours" leaves us unmoved. Mr. Joad has the advantage so far as matter, but not so far as manner is concerned. His themes are more interesting, but his treatment is far less effective. No thinker who had been disciplined in the thirteenth century schools was ever guilty of vagueness, of slipshod writing or of elementary blunders in the use of words. He was taught to look for an exact point and to stick to the point when found. He learnt to verify his quotations, and to develop an argument with relentless logic from premiss to conclusion. The thirteenth century has been described by a great French scholar as the most rationalistic of the Middle Ages. The men of that century certainly made human Reason the criterion of exact knowledge. They were perhaps too sanguine in their estimate of the power of Reason to solve all problems. They were slaves of syllogisms. The ages of Faith might more properly be described as the ages of Reason, for the thinkers of those days had yet to realize that experiment is a useful ally of Reason, and that all the problems of Nature cannot be solved by pure logic.

None the less, the thirteenth century has its lessons for the twentieth. If it were possible to book tickets in Mr. Wells's Time Machine, I should do my best to persuade Mr. Joad to travel back to the university of Paris during that period when St. Thomas was lecturing on Aristotle. And I should leave him there for at least three years until he had mastered the technique of debating religion.

St. Thomas would, I am sure, prove a kindly teacher, for his controversial style is always tolerant, and he had a habit of reasoning with rather than abusing those who were intellectually blind.

I am sure he would be very nice to Mr. Joad and point out very gently that those who aspire to expound the "Sacred Science" to the world must at least begin by mastering the vocabulary of that Science. "You must not, my dear Mr. Joad," I can hear him say, "give the loose significance of the market place to words which have an exact sense on the lips of philosophers. You have written 'concepts of Heaven and Hell' where you meant to write 'conceptions of Heaven and Hell.'"

"Allow me to quote from that admirable dictionary of 'Modern English Usage' which will be written about seven centuries after my death. 'Concept' is a philosophic term which should be left to philosophers, the substituting of it for the ordinary word 'conception' being due to novelty-hunting."

Again, if Mr. Joad had submitted to St. Thomas his essay on Transubstantiation, the learned Saint would have been far more pained by Mr. Joad's ignorance than shocked by his heresy. Mr. Joad is guilty of a glaring blunder in using the word "substance" in its vulgar rather than in its philosophic sense. "Substance" in philosophy means the exact opposite to the "substance" of vulgar speech. Mr. Joad's "substance" corresponds to the "accidents" of the philosopher. The accidents of bread are its weight, shape, taste, smell, etc. The accidents can be detected by the five senses, the substance which underlies phenomena cannot.

Catholics believe that the substance of a consecrated

wafer is transformed into the substance of Our Lord's Body, and as transubstantiation is not a chemical process, Mr. Joad need not have been at such pains valiantly to disown the "chemical theory" that bread, water and other objects can be changed into substances of a different order by special processes.

"An eminent English Bishop," writes Mr. Joad, "recently issued a challenge to all and sundry to distinguish by tasting, touching, smelling, reducing to their ultimate chemical constituents, or subjecting to any other test, any difference between a consecrated and an unconsecrated wafer. The authorities of the Church did not take up the challenge."

Of course not. It is not the duty of the Church to accept challenges from people who have not taken the trouble to discover the point at issue. Incidentally I think Mr. Joad has done the "eminent Bishop" an injustice. His challenge was not quite so artless as Mr. Joad would have us believe.

The Saint would, I think, also point out with infinite gentleness that misquotation is a sin in a religious controversialist.

Mr. Joad is not the first, and he will certainly not be the last, to misquote the Catechism in order to prove that the Church has consistently struggled to keep the underdog under. One often learns more by reading a document than by quoting from it without reading it. One of these days Mr. Joad will read the Catechism and will discover that it does not urge the catechist to "be content with that state of life unto which it HAS," but to do his duty (a very different matter, Mr. Joad) in that state of life "unto which it SHALL please God to call me."

Aquinas would also, I feel sure, ask Mr. Joad to rewrite several passages in his book. There is not an ambiguous sentence or a slipshod paragraph from one end of the *Summa* to the other. Aquinas, trained in an exact school, would therefore find it difficult to understand the mental laziness which is responsible for the loose writing which disfigures Mr. Joad's book. I say "mental laziness," for I have read articles from

Mr. Joad's pen which prove that he is quite capable of lucid expression when he wishes.

There are paragraphs in Mr. Joad's book the meaning of which is doubtless clear to Mr. Joad but not to the reader unless he takes a vast amount of trouble. There are other passages which, as I shall shortly show, convey no exact meaning to the reader for the good reason that Mr. Joad himself has failed to think out the full implication of his own philosophy.

As an instance of the former, the following passage may be quoted:

> And here I wish to anticipate a difficulty to which I have already made a passing reference. These three factors and a number of others which I have not specified, have contributed, I say, to produce a certain attitude to life, and this attitude, I hold, is one of the causes of the decay of religious belief.

Other such sentences occur throughout the book. Here is a typical example:

> What is required, then, is to bring religion out of the Church into the market place, and a praiseworthy attempt is made to do so, the religious point of view being, for example, defined in relation to the world of business and to industrial disputes.

Even when Mr. Joad makes his meaning quite clear, his choice of words is often slipshod. "The evidence for the Resurrection," he writes, "consists of a disputable inference from extremely uncircumstantial references to a supernatural occurrence made by unknown writers in a grossly superstitious age."

What precisely is "an uncircumstantial reference"? I have heard of circumstantial evidence, by which lawyers mean evidence based on inferences in contrast to the direct evidence of a witness speaking from personal observation. The evidence of the tomb was circumstantial in character. The evidence of the disciples who walked with Christ to Emmaus and who witnessed the Ascension was direct evidence. Circumstantial evidence and direct evidence may be misleading, the former because the circumstances may be tolerant of another interpretation, the latter because the witnesses may be untruthful or subject to hallucination.

But perhaps Mr. Joad only means that the evidence of the Resurrection was "uncircumstantial" in the

sense of being mainly direct evidence rather than circumstantial evidence.

It is difficult to see why he should describe the first century as a grossly superstitious age. That age was no more superstitious than our own. Cicero's letters and, in particular, his sceptical analysis of the value of oracles and divinations are unsuperstitious in temper. The bridge player of to-day, and there are many such, who insists on changing his seat if he has lost a rubber, is as grossly superstitious, yet there is not one jot of evidence in favour of bridge superstitions, whereas the evidence for the Resurrection is so strong that it can only be ignored by those who, like Mr. Joad, have never taken the trouble to sift it, or by those who, like Mr. Joad, simply rule the Resurrection out of court as impossible on *a priori* rather than on scientific grounds.

I wonder what would have happened if Mr. Joad had read to his mediæval tutor an essay containing the following sentence:

> To understand the nature of a thing you must look not merely to its beginnings, not even to the present stage of development which it may have happened to achieve, but to its fully developed condition. Until that condition is realized, its nature is not fully revealed.

"My son," I can hear Aquinas saying, "How do you look to the fully developed condition of something which is not fully developed?

"The future state of a thing is either known to you or is unknown to you. If it is known to you, it is known because you understand the present so thoroughly that you can accurately forecast the future. The future, in so far as it is known to you, is known because you understand the present, and in so far as it is unknown to you, can provide no information for the present. You write, 'We must think of it' (a growing and developing thing) 'not only as determined from behind by its past, but as determined from in front by its future.' A growing and developing criminal may be determined by his past; his environment as a child or by his companions. But he can hardly be said to be determined by the scaffold on which he will, let us hope, end his life."

That would be enough for one day. The next lesson

might be devoted to impressing upon Mr. Joad the difference between unsupported assertions and assertions supported by proof. "You say," Aquinas would remonstrate gently, "that certain Christian dogmas are plainly at variance with what Science has discovered about the nature of the universe. Can you name a single discovery of science which is at variance with the dogmas of the Church?"

Mr. Joad would quote the following passage from his book in his defence:

> We no longer hold the biological theory of Man as a special creation, the astronomical theory of a solid heaven and a fixed earth.

And the Saint would reply that special creation was a historical, not a biological theory, and that the only argument against the special creation of Man is the *a priori* argument that he found it easier to believe that the original protoplasm evolved slowly into Mr. Joad than that Mr. Joad's ancestors appeared first as Man on the surface of the globe. Both theories have their own peculiar difficulties.

Mr. Joad was challenged by Lord Iddesleigh in the *Evening Standard* to give the name of any priest who taught the doctrine of "a solid Heaven and a fixed earth." He replied by quoting from the Psalms, "Who laid the foundations of the earth that it should not be removed for ever." And the reply pleased him so much that he has repeated it in the present book.

There is such a thing as poetry, and even the most ardent of Bible Christians does not maintain that the planets indulge in Community Singing, because the Bible says that "the morning stars sang together."

Aquinas would, I feel, devote a few minutes to expounding this point. He would quote from his own *Summa* the following passage:

> When Scripture speaks of God's Arm, the literal sense is not that God has such a member, but only what He signifies by this member, namely, operative power.

I hope and believe that he would be too polite to quote the following passage:

> The very hiding of truth in figures is useful for the exercise of thoughtful minds, and as a defence against the ridicule of the impious, according to the words "Give not that which is holy to dogs."

"But what about evolution?" Mr. Joad would exclaim, and Aquinas would gently point out that St. Augustine speaks of the potential creation of animals, the actual examples themselves to appear in later times as developed from primordial form. Aquinas would probably quote, "*Terrestia animalia tanquam ex ultimo elemento mundi ultima; nihilominus potentialiter quorum numeros tempus postea visibiliter explicaret*" (De Genesi ad Litt. Lib. V), and he would mention St. Augustine's fine evolutionary simile with which he compares the world at the Creation with the seeds from which a tree is destined to evolve.

Mr. Joad does not appear to possess a more extensive knowledge of modern science than of scholastic philosophy. "Briefly, what Darwin's theory of Evolution," he writes, "purported to show was that the development of life upon this planet has been continuous."

He should, of course, have written: "Briefly Darwin's contribution to the theory that life on the planet has been continuous, a theory of considerable antiquity since it was implied by some statements of St. Augustine, and was definitely preached by the great evolutionists Lamarck and Buffon and Charles Darwin's own grandfather, was an attempt to explain the transformation of species by natural selection. The majority of modern biologists are prepared to admit that natural selection helps to explain why unfavourable variations do not survive, but few of them would concede that Darwin's theory helps us to understand the origin of new variations, still less the origin of species."

Mr. Joad, with his childlike faith in Darwin, is very touching. I hope he will never read the works of any really modern biologists, men like Driesch, Delage and Korshinsky, who would have much the same effect on his old-fashioned views as Darwin is reputed to have had on old-fashioned Bible Christians.

To write about Evolution without reading these authors is more pardonable, perhaps, than to write about Christ without reading the Gospels. Contemporary records should have some interest for a man who professes to be scientific, but Mr. Joad's pronouncements about Jesus Christ and His doctrines appear to

have been borrowed from the works of Mr. Middleton Murry, which are certainly interesting, but rather less informative than the four Gospels.

"If the Western World," writes Mr. Joad, "paid any attention to the religion it professes, it would scrap its armies and navies, close its prisons, sack its judges, and adopt some form of economic communism."

Was Christ a Quaker, a Pacifist or a Communist? Perhaps, but the Gospel record is certainly tolerant of another interpretation. The Temple services with their ornate ceremonial certainly had an attraction for Jesus. He said, it is true, "Sell all that thou hast and give it to the poor"; but He did not say, "Take the money from the rich and distribute it among your constituents."

Again, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's" is not a favourite slogan with Communists fighting a by-election.

"It was," as Tyrrell has remarked, "a mere accident of His time and circumstances that Christ died at the hands of Authority in the cause of Reason and Liberty. In other conditions He would have died at the hands of Liberty in the cause of Authority and Tradition."

Mr. Joad, like many moderns, has a weakness for the *lucus a non lucendo* argument in so far as Christianity is concerned. It was accepted as axiomatic in Mr. Joad's school that those who never read the Gospels possess intuitive understanding of the mind of Christ denied to those who do. It may be true that a man who buttons his collar behind his neck is essentially less of a Christian than Mr. Joad. Mr. Joad seems to share this view. "We remember," he writes, "the clergymen we have known and we realize regretfully that Christ's dream of a regenerated world is too lovely for the little minds that run the machine of organized religion." How improving!

Unlike Mr. Joad, I have no vocation for slumming, hard work, self-sacrifice, or the Christian virtues in general. Like Mr. Joad, I am not a Catholic, Roman or Anglo. None the less, I shrewdly suspect that a poor parson in the East End might put up an even better claim than Mr. Joad or myself to be doing something to realize Christ's "dream of a regenerated world."

To such men I take off my hat from a respectful distance.

There are, of course, in every church priests very like Mr. Joad and very like myself, for the very good reason that the number of saints is strictly rationed in each generation, and the Church, like other institutions, has to make the best of human material. The Church, however, would not have survived if it had not attracted in every age men whose resemblance to Mr. Joad and myself is perhaps even less marked than their resemblance to the Founder of their religion.

Meanwhile, we have left Mr. Joad in the thirteenth century, and we shall do well to restore him without delay to a more congenial climate; for I do not think Aquinas could do very much to the man who wrote pages 190–191 of this book. One remembers the second Quaestio of the *Summa*, the close-knit reasoning on the greatest of all problems *Utrum Deus sit*, and one contrasts it with the loose indefinite woolliness of Mr. Joad's philosophy.

> Life, then, I think of as an instinctive thrust or urge appearing, initially, in an alien environment, a dead world of chaos, and blankness and matter.

God of Reason, what *does* this mean? What is Life? How did it originate? Where did it acquire this useful instinct which enables it to thrust itself into an alien environment? Surely there are two and only two possible answers to this the greatest of riddles, "How did everything start?" The two answers are "God" and "I don't know." Mr. Joad has, perhaps, been reading Mr. Wells and has been impressed by Mr. Wells' "The life to which I belong uses me and will pass on beyond me and I am content." On which Mr. Belloc aptly comments, "Talking like that is harmless when it is mere metaphor, but it is asinine when it sets up to be a definition."

I cannot understand Mr. Joad's "instinctive urge," to deny God and then to "personify Life." "Life is purposive," says Mr. Joad, "but its purpose is at first latent and only rises into consciousness in the course

of life's evolution and development."

I do not understand this at all. Nor would Aquinas, perhaps because he began by defining what he meant by "purpose." "Since Nature works," writes Aquinas, "for a determined end, under the direction of a Higher Agent, whatever is done by Nature must be traced back to God as to its first cause."

We either agree with this statement or disagree with it, but at least it is something tangible into which you can get your teeth and bite. Mr. Joad's "Life" dissolves into vapour when you try to get to grips with it. "Life evolves," he writes, "and develops by infusing itself into the material universe." Does it? How interesting! Aquinas, at least, began by proving the existence of God, by deducing certain facts from the Bible, the credibility of which had been the subject of careful proof by others. There is something to be said for trusting to the Bible as the Revelation of God, but more than mere *fides carbonarii* is necessary to accept with simple unquestioning faith the revelation of Mr. Joad on the evolving and infusing habits of life.

"The stream of Life," says Mr. Joad, "as a whole is being continuously enriched with the acquisitions which its individual units bring to it. As a result it emerges in each successive generation at a slightly higher level than before." From which it seems to follow that "life" will be greatly enriched when Mr. Joad dies, as it will be "infused" by his knowledge of the universe.

At this point, Aquinas would throw up his hands in despair. "My son, ours is an age of Reason. I can do nothing for you. I can only remember you in my prayers and wish you God Speed back to an age which is rapidly losing its power to reason and which is basing its philosophy on Emotion unchecked by Fact."

The Inarticulate Sense

By Martha Kinross

"But when from a long distant past nothing subsists after the people are dead, after the things are broken and scattered, still, alone, more fragile, but with more vitality, more unsubstantial, more persistent, more faithful, the smell and taste of things remain poised a long time, like souls, ready to remind us, waiting for their moment, amid the ruins of all the rest, and bear unfaltering, in the tiny and almost impalpable drop of their essence, the vast structure of recollection."

The vast structure of recollection, with its foundations deep in the sub-conscious, was unlocked for Marcel Proust by the scent and flavour of a cup of tea, a crumb of petites Madeleines, and the practical psychologist that always sat observant in him of every motion of his mind was struck by the mnemonic power of odours. For what smell lacks in intellectual definition it makes up by the affective character of its associations. The centres for olfactory perception are in the most primitive part of the brain, in that archipallium upon which the new cortex, which deals with vision and hearing, and contains the coordinations of speech, has been built up, the edifice of thought. Smell was originally a tactile sense, moving an organism forwards and backwards, towards or away, and it is still the sense of direction in many of the higher mammals. Emotion probably had its beginnings in motion, and the reactions of smell were primarily, as Dr. James Halliday says, those of attraction and repugnance. Its intellectual value is small, its emotional value is high. And because of the very limitations of this sense, its undetached inherence in a mass of associations, its spontaneous nature, psychologists are beginning to see the possibility of utilizing odours to recall forgotten incidents and obtain an insight into hidden complexes.

That there is a real basis for this view was shown by a series of careful experiments conducted by Carnegie Research students at Edinburgh University, several years ago, and recorded by J. H. Kenneth in his interesting

pamphlet on Osmics. The subjects of the tests, on inhaling various odorous substances, or osmyls, were required to give the accompanying associations; and the associations obtained, being purely personal, were of the most diverse character, with home and school, hospital, farm and church: the odour of musk suggested Paris to one individual; cows in the field to another; while to one man it recalled the warm, musky smell left on his palm by the clasp of a girl's hand at a dance. Cedar-wood, which to some recalled only lead-pencils, for another evoked the forests of British Columbia; and in one instance, every incident of a summer's evening off the Norwegian coast, where the smell of coniferous trees was wafted for miles out to sea. But the most interesting response in the way of unmasking latent memories, was that of a subject in whom camphor first produced a feeling of mental distress, next the visualization of a wardrobe door, then the image of the wardrobe as a whole, attended by a sense of suffocation, fear of the dark, and recollection of kicking and hammering to get out. A forgotten incident of his childhood, thirty years before, when he had been shut up in his mother's wardrobe as a punishment, had been recovered, under conditions of attention, from where it lay inaccessible in his subconsciousness, by a whiff of camphor. There were, of course, many negative results, since only a small number of the olfactory stimuli we inspire with every breath make any impression on us, but certain odours in themselves seemed to possess the power of inducing certain moods, the scent of rose oil being soothing and tranquillizing, the tang of pine oil bracing and friendly, and vanillin a drowsy influence.

In apes smell has already become a subordient sense, but in mammals below their level it must be in terms of smell that most of their mental operations are conducted and their emotional impulses reach consciousness. Unfortunately, we are less able to judge of what they feel in that way than in any other. When we watch a pet Persian sniffing impassively at a vase of violets, we do not know what her response is. It may be entirely negative. It seems more than probable that smell is so specialized a response in animals that they perceive only

such odours as are significant for their purposes in mate-finding, food-finding, and the avoidance of enemies. And that is why the cat with a passion for valerian can submit indifferently to her mistress's extract of violets, the dog who rolls rapturously in wayside carrion can endure an atmosphere of perpetual Houbigant. Von Frisch claims to have demonstrated that bees have an appreciation of scents very like our own. But from Fabre's experiments on the greater and lesser Peacock moths he concluded that males at a distance of a mile, or even a mile-and-a-half away, were attracted by a scent in the female imperceptible to his own nostrils. The great size of the olfactory lobes in some fishes indicates that they are of service, but the subject has not been sufficiently investigated; indeed, the whole fascinating field of the sense of smell in animals has never been systematically explored, owing to the difficulty of establishing the right conditions. Experiments made under the wrong conditions may be merely misleading, and it is curious that Darwin should have placed such confidence in his own experiments made with captured condors, and those of Bachmann with Turkey-buzzards, *on the ground*, since obviously, for the smell of carrion to be detected by a bird high in air, the organs of perception must be adjusted to a stimulus almost inconceivably slight. The odour of many substances changes so much with dilution that a strong solution and a weak may seem to have nothing in common; indol, which in strength smells like a sewer, when very dilute has the fragrance of narcissus.

With men and women the tests have so far been on too small a scale to offer positive evidence of comparative sensibility in the sexes. Marro, who experimented with a large number of young subjects, found the sense of smell more acute in girls, after puberty, than in boys. Other investigators have obtained contrary results, and the explanation may possibly lie in the youth of Marro's subjects, in whom natural susceptibility had not been blunted by habitual use of perfumes. Olfactory response to certain odours is very quickly fatigued, and its exhaustion accounts for the way in which women oversoent themselves until their "essence turns the live air sick." J. H. Kenneth discovered no marked difference

in the sexes on the whole, but cedar-wood oil, pine oil, musk and tonka bean were scents more favoured by males. All these come in the category of wild or natural smells, the odorous principle of tonka bean being coumarin, which is the scent of new-mown hay, a landscape smell like pine or cedar, and perhaps it is not too strained a construction to suppose that associations with work in the fields, hunting, and camping in the woods may have more appeal for men than for women?

Their half-delivered message to memory and imagination comes from farther back, from farther off, and gives to the wild smells a stab of keener ecstacy: "scent of seaweed rich of morn and brine"—"the smell of tasselled larch-woods," or,

> The wind that from sweet furze bushes,
> Of something sweeter makes us dream.

For George Meredith, a lover of wild briar,

> The sun draws out of hazel leaves
> A smell of woodland wine.

But when, into the mouth of Juggling Jerry he puts one of the most concrete realizations of an odour ever achieved: "Smells of the gorse, so nutty, Gold-like and warm," it is done, notably, in terms of three other kinds of sensation, taste, colour, and temperature.

Racial differences are more pronounced than sex differences, as between the East and the West. In the Orient the natural scents of trees and flowers are stronger and more sensuous, and a sensual human response to them has been deliberately cultivated. Broadly speaking, the ascertained English preference has been for odours of rose, lavender, violet and clove-pink, which, apart from their intrinsic quality (if smells *have* an intrinsic quality) are the smells of the home-land. Associations with smell are intensely local. Private Ortheris's nostalgia for London was a longing for "the sights and the sounds and the stinks of her." All the Riviera comes back in a whiff of acacia; all India in the hot smell of marigolds; all Australia for Kipling, all he

had found or missed, in the smell of the wattle by Lichtenberg, "Riding in, in the rain."

> Smells are surer than sounds or sights
> To make your heart-strings crack.

Shelley's Witch of Atlas, who is Poetry, beside her visions, "each in its thin sheath like a chrysalis," and sounds "folded in cells of crystal silence," keeps in a kind of aviary, odours, whose province when released is to stir sweet thoughts or sad in destined minds. Poetry is served by all the senses, and not least by the sense of the imagination, as Rousseau calls smell. But alas, this sense is all but dumb. It has no vocabulary, no power of abstraction and symbolic formulation of its isolated impressions; a smell is the smell of a particular substance, roast coffee, or wet dog. It is true that the natural perfume of flowers is often a combination of several odours. F. A. Hampton compares the scent of the pure substance to a note struck on a tuning-fork, and the composite scent of a flower to the same note played on a violin and mellowed by associated overtones. Nevertheless each one of the combined odours takes its name from the thing to which it belongs; it cannot be abstracted, and become, like red or blue, a general property of things.

J. H. Kenneth analysed a vocabulary of upwards of a thousand words, compiled from more than sixty languages, bearing directly or indirectly on the sense of smell, and discovered that many of them are vocalizations or articulations of simple reactions to olfactory stimuli. Some that he enumerates are the mere elements of language, instinctive physical responses of palate or lips expressive of satisfaction or disgust; and in this structure of speech we see that its function in regard to smell has not undergone any great evolution, but was always concerned with sensation, rather than with representation of the world without. Whether for the perfumer, or the poet, the only way of describing odours is by analogy, and the analogy which the poet oftenest draws on is that of sound. Shelley has more than one such conversion, or synthesis. He speaks of the hyacinth, purple and white and blue, flinging from its bells a peal

> Of music so delicate, soft and intense
> It was felt like an odour within the sense.

Again, he compares, but without stopping to realize the essential difference between their voluntary and involuntary nature, the memory of sounds and odours:

> Music when soft voices die
> Vibrates in the memory;
> Odours when sweet violets sicken
> Live within the sense they quicken.

Milton has a rather clumsy comparison of sounds to odours in "Comus"; but the most famous is Shakespeare's familiar:

> Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet South
> That breathes upon a bank of violets
> Stealing and giving odour.

In the tests conducted in Edinburgh, sensations of pitch were not infrequently experienced in connection with odours. Sometimes music was heard; a few bars of Chopin on stimulation with vanillin, and Ireland's song, "Sea Fever," when pine oil was sniffed; but these were clearly instances of associated memories, rather than true "synæsthesias." Huysmans says of himself: "Mon âme voltige sur les parfums comme l'âme des autres hommes voltige sur la musique." Baudelaire's oft-quoted sonnet on the perfumes "Qui chantent les transports de l'esprit et des sens," speaks of odours "doux comme le hautbois." Huysmans extends his analogy to include the complementary but baser sense of taste, for the hero of his novel, "En Rebours," was able to play silent melodies upon his tongue, and to "hear in his mouth solos of crême de menthe or duets of vespetro and rum."

Such forced comparisons as the last mean nothing more than the deliberate attempt to exploit the senses and destroy the value of their uncorrupted testimony, but throughout literature there is abundant spontaneous evidence of the imaginative appeal of odours to the poets, whether in the frank animalism of some of Herrick's sonnets, the morbid subjectivism of Baudelaire, or Shelley's ethereally sensuous response. And yet not one of them can describe an odour, but has to content himself with mere reference. Poetry, so rich in visual imagery, in musical phrase, is powerless to make us realize a scent. Impressions of smell can be revived only by the direct stimulus. Shakespeare comes nearer

than any, perhaps, to rendering their subjective effect when he says, "and smell'st so sweet, That the sense aches at thee." Prior's "aromatic pain" might mean only too sharp an inspiration of sal volatile, but Shakespeare, who was so plainly sensitive to odours, pleasant and unpleasant, above all to the delicate, intermittent scent of violets which haunts some of his loveliest lines, has caught the quality of elusive ecstasy in that word, ache. At the touch of certain fragrances wide zones of association flush and palpitate; there is the search for some lost meaning, some ulterior satisfaction to which the one we feel is but the clue. "The pleasure we derive from scent lies just a little nearer the fountain-head of all beauty than the pleasure we have from music or from the colour and form of a flower, so that we are apt to regard it with a faint uneasiness." Associations grown remote and detached, but once related to the primary purpose of life, ache in us like the roots of severed nerves. They no longer function; the impulse is vague, distributed and inefficient. Except in neurotic types of Europeans, and in the more primitive and animal races, the erotic motive of scent is so obsolete, or disguised, that aphrodisiac scents with a frankly animal quality, such as patchouli and musk, are disagreeable. Where the suggestion is recognizable, it is repugnant. Only when it is idealized and hovers beyond our capture, a perfume from the wings of Psyche which all the flowers of the fields and the gardens imitate, does it arouse in us an indefinable pleasure. Since all the heavy and aromatic scents in flowers have been evolved to match the scents of moths and butterflies, and the pleasurable attraction which such scents have for moths and butterflies is connected with the mating instinct, the presumption is that in us, also, unless we have met with a remarkable coincidence, the pleasurable reaction to all sweet scents has an unconscious sexual foundation. There is enough persistent physiological evidence to convince investigators of the fact of the foundation, but Havelock Ellis concluded, as the result of his researches, that in mankind the sense of smell has lost most of its original meaning. That meaning has left, however, so profound an impression on our central nervous apparatus that still, from

time to time, we are startled by the depth and power of our olfactory associations.

The stimulating effect of certain odours on the action of the heart and vaso-motor system, followed by depressant effects if their use is too long continued, is well known to the medical profession. Constant inhalation of musk by those whose occupation requires it, is said to lead to insanity, and workers in vanilla factories are subject to specific diseases in consequence of their employment. Experiments made with young guinea-pigs to ascertain the effect of odours on growth, demonstrated that growth was actually checked in those whose air supply was contaminated by fœtors. But only for a time; when they became accustomed, and *ceased to make the response of fear and avoidance*, there were no further ill effects, and they caught up with their controls. In this respect they were like the inhabitants of mediæval cities, or the slum dwellers in modern ones, who become oblivious of their evil-smelling environment, or as we, everywhere, are becoming oblivious of the pervasive taint of tar and petrol. To-day all cities smell alike; that characteristic smell of London twenty years ago, described as " faintly acrid, with a background of horses and harness " has gone for ever; even the sweet, musty aroma of breweries and the scent of the river-front is drowned by one dominant stink. And the country smells as the city, that is the calamity! What chance have the faint emanations of wet earth, of dying herb, drying leaf, and cut clover against the reek of motors spreading over the fields?

Is petrol, the red herring drawn across all our exquisite trails, destined to be the final extinguisher of all delicacy in a sense which some writers regard as a sense with an enormous past, but having no future? They argue that smell has been left behind irretrievably in the process of organic development, and can never transcend the physical limitations which have fixed its place in the lower cortex. It has steadily lost, in the course of evolution, to the other senses, and is further deteriorating in civilized man, who cannot detect smells that the savage samples in the wind.

On the other hand, smell is unquestionably educable.

Our ability to discriminate in food so many flavours, which are really olfactory sensations, indicates that our obtusity is largly due to lack of interest. In urban life, where the majority of smells that assail the nose are unpleasant, indifference is self-protective. But the moment we concentrate on this neglected sense we discover the range of its perceptions; even with his eyes shut the wine-taster can appreciate thirty different bouquets, the perfumer can distinguish as many as two hundred scents. Of these cultured, aesthetic values the savage and the animal, with their keen, but specialized susceptibilities, know nothing. We cannot afford to diminish or renounce any of our senses; we should be richer if we had seven instead of five sources of information. At this stage of our mental development it is rash to suppose that any processes are completed, any paths closed behind us. If smell is a backward path, it leads not only into the vast past of evolution, but into the personal past with its significant associations. It leads downward to the emotions, rather than upward to the intellect, but intellect is dependent on emotional memories for the material and incentive to creative art. We intellectual parvenus of a few thousand years cannot snub smell as an unintelligent sense, when we scarcely know the part it plays in our affective life. And instead of regarding it as obsolescent, one prefers to consider the possibility suggested by F. A. Hampton in his interesting book, " The Scent of Flowers and Leaves," which has been already quoted from : " Olfactory impressions may one day contribute the material for an art of which we can barely imagine the form."

The New Garment

By Rhys Davies

AFTER her mother's death Agatha would go two or three times every week to the cemetery. There was no one left for her now, except her father: and she knew he would not be long in joining the others of his family in the grave. The cemetery gave her quiet and eased her loneliness. She thought it beautiful and sad to be among the grey and white stones, the broken columns, and the pensive angels that with outspread wings seemed ready to flutter towards her in protection as she passed the tall rusty gates, her scrubbing brush in her little satchel.

There was always a pail at the tap and this she would fill with water. Then she began her work. The tall slab of marble came first. She hated the dirt that rested in the carved letters of her mother's, her two sisters' and her brother's names. She would scrub until the marble glowed with a white flame. Then she would sift over the loose earth of the grave, clip the rose bush and polish the bulb vases that were half-buried in the soft loam.

This labour at her family grave took scarcely an hour. She did not want to go home. So, if there were no funerals and no other visitors, she took to cleaning other gravestones and in one afternoon she would scrub as many as nine or ten. The work gave her a deep and lasting satisfaction. She felt the gratitude of the dead about her in a sacred intimacy.

She did not notice the gravedigger, who for some afternoons had watched her, hiding behind a tree or a big angel. But one day he jealously and suspiciously approached and demanded:

"What d'you mean, my good 'ooman, scrubbin' all the graves like this? Not all relations of yours are buried in them, surely?"

Agatha lifted her perspiring face to him. She was a well-made woman and her face was of thick muscular contours. Only her eyes had a disquieting effect. Protracting far out of their sockets and curved and expressionless as brown-spotted bird eggs, they thrilled one with their hard gaze.

"No," she answered, "but they were looking so dirty and untidy, as though no one had been to see them for

years and years. There is one that belongs to a family I knew, that went to Australia——"

"Ha," said the gravedigger, surlily, "you want a job if you're going all over this cimitry washing the dirty old stones. Sure you're not earnin' a bob or two doin' it?"

Agatha showed no anger at this question. She said: "I am doing it for the dead that lie under them. How would you like to wake up at the Judgment Day and see all your grave mouldering in ruins? It is a Christian work."

"Crikey," said the gravedigger, "when the Judgment Day comes, you and I will be moulderin' worse than them stones." He looked closer at the staring woman. "Ha, daughter of Bathsheba Edwards you are, that I buried a couple of months ago, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Agatha, humbly, staring at him.

"That was a funeral," said the gravedigger with a note of anger. "A nice mess the people made, tramplin' all over the place."

Agatha's eyes rolled in a movement of excitement.

"There were over a hundred people," she informed him, "and fourteen wreaths and six coaches. Thirty-three we had in our house afterwards, sitting down to tea."

The Edwards family was well known in the town. It was as though they lived under a doom. Three children preceding their mother in the family grave. There was an obscure disease derived from the maternal source.

"How is your old father Shank Edwards now?" the gravedigger asked, inquisitive. "I thought when I saw him he looked bad."

Agatha gave a long and expectant sigh. "He can't go on much longer," she answered. "I expect him to have a stroke any day." Her spotted eyes looked expressionlessly into the distance, her hands lay like wax in her lap as she rested against a gravestone. "Then I'll be alone," she added. And it was as though her voice was a knell.

The gravedigger looked at her. He was a man under forty with a thin face that had the close-knitted strength of a leather whip. His face, his bare arms, his corduroy trousers had a look of mould and clay. There was a damp clayish smell about him too. His eyes were melan-

choly and disillusioned, as, indeed, befits a gravedigger.

"Ah, that's the end of us all," he said sententiously. "Alone, and a long loneliness waiting for us." He leant on his spade and looked at Agatha with his cold eyes. "Dead or living, it means nothin' to me. I'd as lief be here among these old graves as anywhere. All I want is a bit of quiet and enough to live on when my muscles won't move to dig another grave or to close it in again."

"Aren't you married?" asked Agatha gently, wanting to placate him.

"Though I be a bachelor and not put any brats in the world, there isn't much I haven't known," said the gravedigger with some unction. "Workin' here since I was fourteen just, it's not encouragin' to make new bodies when likely as not I'd be shovellin' a couple of ton of clay on top of 'em before I go." He straightened his lean whip-like body from the shovel proudly.

Agatha's fixed inscrutable stare seemed unable to move itself from the gravedigger's spare face, on which stiff hairs stuck out in little vigorous tufts. Her nostrils received the clay odour that clung to his faded corduroys. There was a pause, during which the gravedigger looked at her with a gleam of hostility, as though she symbolized for him something that he hated. She asked him timidly:

"I can clean the graves if I like, can't I? All that want it. Some of them are in a very bad state——"

"What d'you do it for?" he demanded again, suspiciously. He thought the Edwards family was well-off; so surely she couldn't be making money on the sly.

She shrank from his brutal demand. But she answered humbly: "It gives me peace."

The gravedigger cogitated. In a while, he said: "You got no right to go washin' and meddlin' on other people's graves, well you know that."

"They wouldn't mind," exclaimed Agatha, sudden tears confused in her poked-out eyes. Her body began to sway in grief and fear at the thought of being banished from the cemetery.

"The dead underneath won't, that's a fact," said the gravedigger, meaningly—"but there's those above to have their say."

"But I clean and tidy them!" cried Agatha, her face grizzled up into a contraction.

"——And I'd be the one to be blamed by the council," continued the gravedigger relentlessly, watching her writhings of fear as she crouched against a slab of granite. Beyond his calculating mind, his spirit knew her passion. How she had repudiated life and turned her forces in lust to the kingdom of the dead. "If there's a job of cleanin' to be done, mine they are," he added with a hint in his voice.

"Oh let me do them, let me do them!" she begged. "When I've scrubbed a gravestone, I feel so purified. And I want to work for them while I've got the strength."

"This cimitry's mine!" he said.

"I'll do no harm," she begged. "Let me have ten graves to watch."

He shook his head and began to move away.

"Only your own," he said—"And, mind you, no sly tricks, or I'll have you turned out, quick."

"I'll bring flowers for them!" she called tearfully. "Fresh flowers and china flowers in glass frames."

"Don't you waste money in that way," he called back sternly.

Numbly she watched him stride away. He went to his tiny stone cottage in the corner of the cemetery. She wanted to follow him there, to beg and plead with him that she might be allowed freedom of this place where her heart took ease. For a long time she crouched in the lengthening shadow of the granite stone, while slowly her despairing thoughts revolved in wooden reiteration within her numbed head. She had always lived in dread of the world and what it could do to her. Here she had known a blessed peace, and again fear had crept upon her. And she would have liked to stay in the cemetery for ever, she would have liked to lie down to sleep amid the tall pale grasses and the silent trees and the understanding angels that at evening became grey, dreaming their pitying dreams over the quiet dead.

And the gravedigger kept his eye on her. She knew it and her afternoons in the cemetery became barren of joy. Her staid face looked heavier than unbaked dough, her dumb eyes often filled with tears. There came something sinister to the man's watching of her, and she knew it and shrank in fear. They were always aware of each

other and often he came to speak to her. She dreaded him when he approached and yet if he did not speak, the afternoon became emptier than ever. She had managed to grow some rosemary on her grave and the fine blue flowers gave him an especial delight.

"I should like a root of that," he hinted, "for my little garden."

But she crouched protectively over her fragrant shrub.

"I can't give you any," she muttered.

"When it's time for your old man to go in there," he said musingly, "I shall have to be careful how I move your plants, that I shall."

"I'll come and move them myself," she said, in a burst of courage. "I'll be here before you know he's dead."

"And careful again when I fill it in," he continued, as though he had not heard her.

She lifted her head. "I'll give you this root if you'll let me scrub five graves," she bargained.

But at that he went away with a laugh, shaking his head. Then she hated the sight of his retreating back, spare and strong in its straight power, still young. And he interfered with her dreams. Sometimes he took the shape of a hill that she could not cross to reach her destination, or a shining engine that advanced to her as she lay powerless to move; at other times he became an apple that she buried her teeth into with vicious bites, or a dog that she whipped away from its prowling in her garden. In these dreams his spirit lingered like a spell, and there seemed always an odour of mould and clay.

Her father had his second stroke. But he retained some consciousness and said to her before the third stroke came:

"You'll be alone now, Ag. One thing, there's a bit of money. Not much. But there's the house and the furniture. Take a couple of lodgers and you'll be all right."

"I'd rather live alone," she told him, as, fat and winking, he lay prostrate, as he would lie for ever. "I'll do a bit of sewing and embroidery. I can get five pounds easily for an altar-cloth."

"Don't let there be the same fuss for my funeral," he

admonished her, "that you had for your mother's. Let it be simple and inexpensive."

"You shall have," she said proudly, "decent burial."

"Sometimes, Ag," he said, "I wish you'd married Joe Lush after all. He was a lively one, even if he was a rascal and didn't know one woman from another."

"Don't mention that man's name to me," she said.

And her glazed eyes rolled in anger. She went about her duties with a frozen heart. She wished her father would die, now there was no hope for him. He would be happier with his wife and three children in the land of the dead. Then she could ride in sorrow for them all. She felt she would come to flower as, alone and living, she prayed and ministered to her dead kin; but while her father lived, she was held back from her mystical communion with them. She cooked her meat, she washed her pans, she made her tea, she lay in her bed, and the day seemed very long. Only her afternoons at the cemetery had any outline of reality for her. And still her conflict with the gravedigger pursued her into her dreams.

Shank Edwards died soon. His daughter gave him a liberal funeral and all the dignified local men and many others made the function memorable. It was winter, and Agatha, in her new freedom, bought a coat of smooth black sealskin. Its sombre folds about her gave her a feeling of majesty. She had not a relative left in the world and, a gloomy and tragic figure, she acquired a certain strength out of her orphan state. Sympathy was lavished on her, but she refused all invitations to tea and with renewed passion began her ministrations to her kin. And she felt the gravedigger would not deny her now. Even he must have a heart.

She smothered her grave in masses of red and gold tulips and in the bitter wintry weather scrubbed the stone, with its additional name, in icy water. At length he approached. A sardonic grin on his thin, long mouth drove all the warmth from her body.

"I doubt," he said, "that there'll be any more room in this grave of yours. Can't have a coffin too near the surface, that I warn you."

A panic seized her.

"'Tisn't true," she panted. Here was another torture!

The gravedigger spat and thrust his clayey thumbs into the black belt that drew in his corduroy trousers. "No more room for a full-sized coffin," he said relentlessly. "You'll have to go in the new patch at back of chapel."

"No, no," she moaned.

"Oh, yes, Agatha Edwards," he said, and moved off. The grin had not left his face. And the intimacy of that grin meant more than if he had embraced her.

For long she remained still over the flaring bed of scarlet and yellow flowers. Then she stumbled home. She was cowed and beaten. He had her in his power. She knew at last. She did not sleep that night, and all night long she endured this new torture of fear. Early in the morning, haggard and vanquished, she wrapped her rich fur coat round her and went to the cemetery. There had been a heavy fall of snow in the night and because the gates were locked she trudged to the back of the sacred place, to where the gravedigger's cottage stood, half of it jutting out beyond the cemetery. She knocked and had to wait some minutes before hearing steps come from the upper portion of the house. He opened the door, dressed in shirt and trousers, sleep still on his eyelids.

"Crikey!" he exclaimed, "you're an early riser. Come in, come in. What a nasty draughty wind! Nice bit of snow though."

It was as though he had expected her, for he showed no surprise at her call. She followed him into a neat and cosy living-room. The blood in her veins lurked dark and waiting.

"That's a lovely fur coat, by God," he said, and put out his hand to stroke the sleek skin.

She shrank from his touch and sat down. Within the heavy folds of the protective coat her body trembled in fear and indecision.

"Why d'you jeer at me," she panted at last, "why do you torment me?"

"I don't know," he said, smiling curiously, "that's a fact." He stood near her, his lean arms folded, a man and living, like a doom to her.

"What d'you want me to do?" she whispered, her

eyes staring out in the spell. "Do you want money? I've got some now."

"The money!" he remarked, his smile deepened into a sensual grimace. "Brass . . . well, you can't live without it . . . not in this world . . . and the dead are a sight more respected for it——"

"What else then?" she cried in sudden shrillness and as though the words were torn from her. Her brown-spotted eyes seemed to be breaking into livid points of agony. She lurched half-way out of the chair, her breast heaving.

"You . . . as well," he said, slowly and subtly, grinning his sensual grin.

She started back violently. Her mind was in a chaos. It was like the torture of a birth.

"What?" he said loudly.

She went very still, as though the chaos had subsided into a smooth profound lake of expressionless water. His hand was upon her. She watched him with spellbound eyes, fear still gripping her.

Yet in the end her fear departed too, and it was as though she was clothed in a new garment of flesh, it was as though a clearer and a redder blood beat newly in her veins. Then in this new bliss she was all confused and in a delicious torment to examine, alone, her new attributes.

"Let me go," she whispered at length, "into the cemetery."

"Right'o," he said—"it'll be as much yours now. . . . But not too much hankerin' after the dead, remember that."

She went out. But it was a new world to her. The snow glittered under the risen sun. There were points of coloured fire on shrivelled bush, on tombstone, on white robe of angel, on all the white blankets that covered the earth-locked dead. It was all so new to her, it wounded, this new world into which she had so suddenly broken. She flung herself in passion at the foot of the family grave. The snow was heaped over the tulips, but it had not buried her evergreen bush of rosemary—to which, fearfully and smiling at last, she lifted her trembling hands, caressingly.

Switzerland—the Land of Adventure

By Lt.-Colonel G. S. Hutchison, D.S.O., M.C., S.A.C.

In a land in whose crowded cities it is difficult to see God for chimney pots, the urge to realize the limitless expanse of the heavens will increasingly exercise a rare fascination. Industrial Britain provides little opportunity; but with the development of transport facilities, the Playground of Europe is always nearer to an English doorstep.

Those who have never beheld the glory of the Alps have yet to realize the grandest prospect in Europe; while, for those thousands of British folk who each year throw off the gloom of our city civilization and wander among the Alps, visiting its beautiful old-world towns, tarrying beside rushing streams and torrents or gigantic waterfalls, penetrating deep into the fastnesses of pine forests or far up rugged valleys; or holidaying on the banks of serene lakes, encompassed by verdant pastures, quaint mountain chalets and towering snow-capped peaks, there is always relaxation, high adventure, rest and recreation. For the old, Switzerland offers change and repose, comfort and rare hospitality. For the young, and for those who still feel young, there is the adventure of crossing the high passes, or the more arduous and exhilarating excitement of an ascent.

In a world of commercialized sport climbing remains the one recreation which offers no rewards other than those of spiritual and emotional elevation, for there are no prizes, no championships.

It is noteworthy that English men and women continue to lead in novelty of accomplishment, in hazard and daring. The British are the pioneers of Alpine sport; but, with the exception of the Scouts at Kandersteg, young English men and women are strangely absent in the higher regions. Young Swiss, Germans,

Austrians and Americans always increase their numbers, a fact to which the entries in the Swiss Alpine Club Hotel log-books are eloquent testimony; but the English, who pioneered all the historic peaks, will leave their names as legends in the Alpine valleys, if younger folk do not follow in the trail which they have blazed.

A mountaineering holiday produces good health and good fellowship. After two or three days of a tour, no special attention is necessary to health, and air and exercise take complete medical charge, provided that the weak points, namely the feet and the stomach, have received the care and attention which they merit. New or ill-fitting boots may ruin a complete programme; while revolutionary hours of sleep, unaccustomed food and exercise with changing atmospheric pressures, may upset the internal economy, with disaster for the whole tour. But simple precautions only are necessary.

One wonders sometimes if the British are wearying of leadership, content with having given top-hats, English clothes, and the British Sabbath to a waiting world. There seems to be an unwillingness to gird the loins of mind and body, if only as a personal test of health, efficiency, endurance and capacity to overcome difficulty and danger. But when I challenged Youth in the past, I found him always quite willing for the adventure of the Alps; and I incline to the view, therefore, that it may be that he is ignorant of the thrilling adventure calling to him, or perhaps that, resulting from wartime anxiety, parents prefer to keep their young within the pleasant and very safe confines of an English pleasure resort.

But if there is a sign of the stuff which made England great, assuredly it is to be found among those who, without reward, seek adventure among the rocky peaks, and who cross the great snowfields and glaciers which lead to the summits of the mountains.

Edward Whymper, the conqueror of the Matterhorn, once wrote: "If I could blot out every reminiscence, if I could erase every memory, still I should say my climbing in the Alps has repaid me, for it has given me two of the best things a man can possess—health and friends."

Curiously enough, the development of city life eliminates friendship. When we go to the Alps, we certainly become rejuvenated and return in better health, and, whatever else we do, we certainly make friends. I know of no sport or recreation which so cements the bonds of good fellowship as climbing. There are the long days together, demanding mutual help, sustenance, the strong supporting the weak, a sharing of the burden. There are moments of difficulty, even of danger, in which co-operation and sacrifice are the essentials; there are marvellous nights, spent in the refuge huts ten thousand feet above civilization, when, with tired bodies, minds stimulated by danger over and conquest achieved, and the whole spirit elevated, friendship rises high above the sordid considerations of commercial and social advantage, and man can commune with fellow-man without the restraint of convention. Friendship and all that friendship really means gain immeasurably from human contact in such circumstances.

There is nothing essentially difficult about mountain climbing. True it is that a good head is necessary, but a tendency to giddiness may be overcome by the will. And it is true, too, that strong limbs, a sound heart and good lungs are essential. But even the more frail, after two or three days of careful going, will discover that they have latent powers far in excess of what they often imagine. A lifetime in climbing may not, perhaps, equip the mountaineer with the whole technique of the craft; but the veriest novice, who does not aspire, for his first ascent, to the conquest of the Matterhorn, may derive immense pleasure and much good practice from scaling some of the lesser peaks. Excellent centres for climbing, or indeed for major excursions across the higher snowfields and passes, are to be found, for instance, at Zermatt, Kandersteg, Saas Fee, Chamonix, Grindelwald or Andermatt, and in all these places small hotels may be found, catering for the most modest pockets, so that groups of friends may make these their headquarters and journey over the passes, or from one hut to another, at an inclusive cost of only a few shillings a day. Switzerland provides not only all its natural

physical attractions, but also an atmosphere of expectancy, perhaps for the reason that it is a land without conventions. British, Swiss, Germans, Austrians, Italians all come together upon common ground, with common experience and endeavour. The best of national habit, by common consent, becomes the custom of all. In consequence, without restraint, in this pleasant land, man may really have a very happy holiday.

For those who are past the age of adventure, the Swiss Postal Services have devised a system of motor-coach tours, which several times daily traverse the winding roads leading over the mountain passes. Thus all the glory of the Alps may be seen in comfort. But for those who have youth and vigour I commend a mountaineering holiday.

Spare Moments

By Marjory M. Reynolds

"BOAT won't be in for a bit. Better have a smoke till she comes. That crate's as soft as anything to sit on, I guess."

Two men settled down; two pipes were lighted. A dog, pausing in a resigned search for fleas, rose, sniffed them, abandoned them and resumed scratching.

Against the lower steps of the wharf, green and slippery with weed, an empty gas boat bumped gently. Her late occupant, a small packet of letters bulging from his hip pocket, had gained the wharf some minutes since and was then with the postmaster in the tiny wooden office at the top of the steep rise overlooking the bay, handing over his mail and getting all the precious gossip of the neighbourhood. The sound of his voice and occasional laughter came clearly to the two men below—the basin of water in the half-moon between the two curving points of the island, with the hard ridge of hill behind, serving as a pool of medium for the reception and transmission of sound.

One man jerked his thumb towards the post office.

"Who's he?"

"Keeps the light at Kate Elizabeth Point."

"Oh? Is that so? Where the Gantleys used to be?"

"Umhm."

"Pretty near a year since Gantley died."

"Ye-eh. Did you know the old lady was dead too?"

"No. Is she now? I've been up country—"

"Ye-eh. She's gone."

"Well, well! She didn't last long after him. When did that happen? Pretty hard time she had of it at the light, I guess. Gantley used to be sick quite considerable."

"Ah. It was no cinch for her when he was sick. 'Specially in the winter. Tending him and tending the light, and seeing no one for weeks on end and praying to God there'd be no wrecks. With nothing but a dog and couple of cats for company."

"Quiet kind o' life for them both, all right. They say he was a lord, or next door to it, in the old country."

"Ah. Something queer about him, I know. He'd look at yer, like as he was looking through yer, and listen to yer fer a long time and then say, 'Oh? Really?' so you'd think he hadn't took in what you said. But he had."

"Umhm. He might be queer in his ways, but his wits was all there."

"Ah. He was queer, all right. When you'd been there a while, he'd say to his missus, 'Food, darling? Could we trouble you?'"

Some chuckling and spitting.

"Umhm. I guess that's about what he would say. 'Food, darling? Could we trouble you?' Ye-eh. That's him, all right."

"And she'd just smile and get a real tasty meal ready, him lifting the dishes out of the cupboard for her."

"Umhm. He was always doing things like that for her—to square up, I guess, for the times he was sick and she had it all to do. Never hardly a word you'd get out of her, but always pleasant. Sometimes used to wonder if she ever spoke to him. I never heard her."

"I did, once. There was a feller staying on one of the islands heard Gantley's name and got me to take him over in my gas boat. Seems they'd been to school together. Don't suppose Gantley had done so much talking in years, and she sat and watched 'em and smiled, pleased as could be. It was when we was going I noticed her special with him. He'd stopped talking and laughing all of a sudden, and when the feller and me was going down the slip, Gantley turned back as if to go in the house. She was standing in the doorway and she touches him as he'd go past and she says, 'Dearest,' she says."

"That's all?"

"Umhm."

"An' what did he do?"

"Oh, he turned round again and come down the slip to see us off. So did she. We see 'em a long while standing there. Holding hands, I think they was."

"Ah. He was queer, all right. Pity they'd no family."

"There was that young feller—nephew or something—land surveyor he was. Used to spend odd times at the

lighthouse between trips, until he married. Then he settled in Vancouver."

"Ah. I heard say he was a bit closer than nephew to Gantley. Some past, he'd had, from all accounts."

"Umhm."

"Didn't seem to make no difference to Mrs. Gantley, though. They was always the best of friends, I'm told. The old lady joined him after Gantley died, didn't she?"

"Ye-eh. Well, not to say 'joined.' She lived by herself as long as she did live. Seems as if she'd bin so long alone, or next door to it, she couldn't stand much company. She couldn't stick the young feller's wife, neither. Not her class, I guess. So she got a little place Point Grey way, overlooking the Gulf. You'd of thought she'd of had enough of looking out on water, but not her, seemingly."

"Last fall, it was, Gantley died, wa'n't it?"

"Ah. Turn of the tide—early hours of a dirty morning. The young feller—nephew, or whatever he was—was there. Heard the old man was sick, I guess, and left his wife to come across. There was a minister there, too. He was on his vacation—heard the young feller was going to a sick man at a far-away point and would go too. A wild crossing they had—not wi' me—my gas boat wa'n't big enough to stand the rip that was running. Ed. Bateson took 'em. They stayed there till the relief come for the light."

"Where did they plant Gantley?"

"In the water. It was his wish and hers."

"Well! Did you ever?"

"Ah. The minister read the service over the spot where he'd went down. Ed. Bateson told me. He run 'em all out in his gas boat for the occasion. Said the minister looked like he'd bawl like a kid, but her—she just sat still and looked at the water till they got back to the light. Then she gets a meal for 'em all, Ed. Bateson says."

"Well, well!"

"Then, when the relief come, the minister and the young feller brought Mrs. Gantley and the dog and the cats to Vancouver and settled her in her place. The minister had a church handy. Quite friendly he got with

her and the young feller, from all accounts. My missus knows the lady who worked for Mrs. Gantley every once in a while."

"Ah."

"Ye-eh. She told my missus he used to go there in the evenings—the minister did—evenings and all times, and talk to Mrs. Gantley. Or maybe they didn't talk. They was pretty quiet about it, if they did. The young feller, too—as often as his wife would let him without raising a row."

"Ah. Young uns do hate the old uns sometimes. And when did Mrs. Gantley——"

"Last spring. She was took mortal sick and the young feller pretty near lived there, and the minister said prayers for her Sunday after Sunday, and in-between-whiles, too, most like, her being friendly with him—him and the young feller being the folk she saw most of. Well, this is the queer bit. One Sunday morning, about church time, I'm told, she roused herself and asked if the minister was sick. And they told her 'No.' And she worried a bit and then dozed."

"An' was he sick?"

"Worsen' 'at. He was dead."

"Dead?"

"You bet he was. When the time come to start church, he didn't turn up, and the young feller who'd gone to see if he was all right—knowing the old lady was worrying—he found him in the room where they put on them white things they wear in that church, stone dead."

"You don't say! Heart failure, now?"

"Maybe. Anyway, there he was."

"Well! Well!"

"Umhm. But there's more to it 'n 'at. The young feller was with the old lady most of the next week. Felt a bit shook up over it, I guess. P'raps he told the old lady. P'raps not. My missus never heard. But next Sunday, seeing her dozing, he went out for a stroll. And she come out of her doze and asked where he was. The lady my missus knows told her he was some place, not far off—to keep her quiet, you see——"

"Ye-eh?"

"And she says, 'No. Not far. Very near.'"

"Now, what d'you suppose——?"

"Dunno. But within a half-hour she was dead—and him, when he come home, he was brought."

"Brought?"

"Ah. He must of been walking, absent-like, thinking of something, and walked right into a big touring car. He hadn't the chance of a jack rabbit. Just walked right into it and it finished him. Must of gone just about the same minute, him and the old lady, I guess."

"Well, well, well! Queer, all right."

"Ye-eh. You've said it."

There was a long pause. The sun, drawing fireily to the west, flooded the hills with pink and purple lights. To the east, Vancouver-wards, the crescent moon was palely visible in a field of turquoise-green.

At last——

"Seems as if old Mrs. Gantley just waited to see 'em all home—Gantley, and the minister and the young feller."

"Ah. Seems like that."

Another pause. Then——

"What became of the young feller's widow?"

"Doggone it, I'd forgot about her. Married another guy last month and went to the States. Some place."

"Well, well! Is that so?"

The Black Douglas

By Geoffrey Johnson

The Lady Anne of Bamborough
Looked from the castle-wall;
Her broideries of Ghent she dropped;
Her needle she let fall.

She took her child upon her knee;
Like rose to rosebud bowed,
Her face lay near his little head;
Her hair fell like a cloud.

She sang and sang as evening filled
The moon with milky light:
"Thy father now will not be long,
Though far away he fight.

"Lord Percy never entered list
But he hath thrown a foe"—
But here the wolfhound, head on paws,
Whined in his dreams below.

"The northern chief, the Black Douglas,
Remembers him with pain"—
The peacock in the grassy court
Screamed, as foreboding rain.

"Lord Percy's name is charm enough
To keep our castle free"—
Her ladies hollowed their white hands,
Screening their eyes to see.

"Are those the glowing homing kine,
Or men-at-arms we see,
Where all the heather seems on fire?"—
"Nay, they are kine," said she.

"Lord Percy's heart to-night is filled
With hunger for thy sake"—
The child upleapt, in wildness wept,
And would no comfort take.

"Hush thee my bird, my bonny bird;
For those who cry and weep
The Douglas comes, the Black Douglas,
And steals them ere they sleep."

The child half stood and climbed her shoulder;
Still more afeard he cried.
Sweet saints above—she looked around—
Flame leapt on every side!

The fire shot up, the black smoke coiled
In serpent rings the twain;
The castle-bell tolled, alarums rolled
Warning to all unslain.

While the flame roared, a figure soared,
A black plume nodded he—
"A Douglas! A Douglas! I am come
When folk think least of me.

"Thy lord is dead, and I unwed,
And Stirling waits for thee,
A red gold crown and an ermine gown
And pleasaunce-gardens three."

And back she drew, and closer drew
Her baby to her breast.
"The Devil is fairer far than thou"—
The flame licked up his crest.

"A Douglas! A Douglas!" rang his wrath
As he descending went;
The moon with stars came up the sky
In silver wonderment.

The molten castle-leads ran on
And plunged with shrieking spill;
But the Lady Anne, like a burning pine
With nested dove stood still.

And fishers coming in from sea,
They crossed themselves with joy—
"The Blessed Mother, by the rood,
Breasting her little boy!"

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

The Craze for Records

"I see," said Heddle, "that a Hungarian called—called——"

"Sing it or call him Jones," said Sergeant Murphy. "What about him?"

"He's broken the record for quick shaving," said Heddle.

"Tell me the worst. By how much did Jones do the thrick?"

"A second and a half."

"Dammit, that's great news," said the Sergeant. "A full second and a half. There's giants still in the land.

"Now tell me this, Heddle. What's the record number of times a woman's been brought to court for larrupin' blazes out of her husband with a rollin' pin? You don't know. I don't know. We can't even guess. And yet I know that somewhere there's a quiet-spoken hefty daughter of Eve modestly scrapin' the potatoes for dinner who holds this record.

"'Last Friday,' she'll be sayin', 'Henry brought me before the beak for the wan hundhred and sixty-fifth time, that is eleven times more than that poor down-throdden Mrs. Robinson of Harrow, who seems to have been slackin' at her work. Isn't it time for a medal to be sthruck in me honour?'

Heddle looked bewildered.

"That's not right, Sar'nt, is it?" said he.

"Why shouldn't it be?" was the reply. "There's records in everythin' nowadays—barrin', perhaps, honest work, and husband-beatin' deserves its place in the calendhar.

"I often wondher who keeps these records. It's really an inthernational matter, and the League of Nations be rights ought to look afther the job. Suppose you took it into your head that your gullet and digestion had earmarked you for beatin' the record for eatin' hard-boiled eggs at wan sittin'. Wouldn't you be anxious to know what the previous fellah done? You wouldn't want to go on guzzlin' them down in dozens till the 'House Full' notice went up?"

"I hate hard-boiled eggs," said Heddle.

" It needn't be hard-boiled eggs," said the Sergeant. " The newspapers will make a hero of you if you do anny silly thing wan time more than annybody else has done it.

" The more I live, Heddle, the more I'm certain that a man's vanity is the biggest part of him be a long chalk, and if a fellah can scramble into the limelight, the divil a hair he seems to care whether it's a crime or an achievement that's put him there. Why, the Hollywood sooper-hero that's been divorced the record number of times looks on Miss Amy Johnson and himself as dead-heatin' for world fame!

" That's why the busy little housewife who has managed to snatch twenty-eight hours from her home duties in ordher to head the queue for her three hundhred and seventieth first-night in a West End theatre is claimed as a supporter of Empire Free Thrade. She's a record holdher—with publicity value. And every mornin' sheafs of letthers arrive at newspaper offices from people who think they've grown the record sunflower or whose ducks have achieved a record output of eggs—with an undherlyin' suggestion that " Who's Who " ought to be notified."

" You don't believe in records then? " said Heddle.

" I do," said the Sergeant. " But I want records that are worth recordin'.. I'll stand in a crowd for hours and have me poor feet pulped be careless companions in ordher to cheer the chap that's saved the record number of people from dhrownin', or the wan that first gets to the top of the Himalayas. There's somethin' inspirin' in a fellah like that. I like to think that I'm a distant relation of him.

" Then there's sport. I'll cheer all day the man that's run a mile faster than it's ever been done in histhory before or the wan that holds the record number of Rugby football caps. But the man that's been a spectator a record number of times at annythin' from a dog fight to a swell marriage only bores me.

" But even writers on sport have their lapses, Heddle, when they think in terms of records. And I'm prepared to hear annyday now that the two hundhred and five made in the Test Match at Wembley is the record score for fifth wicket down on a Choosday with a red-headed umpire at wan end of the pitch."

Embarras du Choix

By Horace Shipp

Hamlet (Globe Theatre); *Hamlet* (Queen's Theatre); *Othello* (Savoy Theatre); *Sainte Jeanne* (Globe Theatre); Angna Enters and others.

Too often the West End theatre manager's idea of catering for the visitors who flock into London during the London season is to provide successes ready bought from Broadway—a curious policy when we remember what a vast number of their potential patrons come from America, and may be presumed to have seen these pieces a year or so since. This year, however, London is taking itself seriously so far as the theatre is concerned, and it would be difficult to remember a more brilliant theatrical season. If we complain, it is that there is practically no new work, although, as I write, we await with expectancy Mr. R. C. Sherriff's *Badger's Green*. Strangely, the honours go to Shakespeare. At the Savoy we have what may be called Paul Robeson's *Othello;* at the Queen's we have what may equally be called John Gielgud's *Hamlet;* there is a season of Shakespearean Repertory at the enterprising Embassy Theatre; and we have seen Alexander Moissi, Germany's greatest actor, play Hamlet in the fascinating International Season organized by Maurice Brown and C. B. Cochran.

This enterprise accounts for much of the brilliance of our current theatre. Two productions with Moissi, productions with the Pitoëffs; the promise of a Japanese company; and the series of matinees of the subtle choreomime of Angna Enters; this is wealth, indeed. When we add to this tally the opera at Covent Garden, Yvette Guilbert at the Arts Theatre, *The Plough and the Stars* at the Duchess, *The Beaux' Stratagem* at the Royalty, and Ruth Draper at the Vaudeville we need not blush for our theatre.

The Shakespearean productions demand first attention. I confess that, for my part, I found Moissi disappointing. It was a brilliant actor's performance. We had full share of Moissi the actor, but very little of Hamlet the man and all he means to the tortured human spirit

racked between will and deed. He played almost from the beginning with the abandon of a deranged mind, and with a Latin flamboyance which did not harmonize with his company's Teutonic rendering. In this production we saw more of the Polonius family than we usually are given—the adieu to Laertes was a charming little vignette: Shakespeare seen through the glass of German family sentiment.

One great fault, which raises an eternal problem with Hamlet, was the method of cutting. It is seldom that we can have the whole, but this particular effort took away great explanatory passages and left the whole of the end of the play with no clue to its action. A little note on the programme gave Moissi's explanation that the business of poisoned rapiers meant nothing to our century, but explanations do not always explain.

English playgoers are more likely to find their Hamlet in John Gielgud's fine performance. It is a justifiable triumph for the Old Vic. Company that their faithfulness to Shakespeare should be rewarded by this season in the West End; and by common consent John Gielgud's presentation gives us one of the most beautiful interpretations of modern times. It must be seen.

So also must the *Othello,* with Paul Robeson in the title rôle. There is some racial *naïveté* about the great Negro actor which makes Othello in his hands a convincing part. One of the most loosely motivated of the dramatist's works, it is always in danger of falling to pieces before our legitimate "Why?"; but the interpretation which makes the Moor half child and half savage warrior silences many objections. The playing of Sybil Thorndike as Emilia in this production reveals again the difficulties of the strong stage personality. One has a profound conviction that this woman would have twisted Iago and his evil machinations into any neat pattern of her own devising. She dominated the stage. Robeson alone attained her stature, and in the final duel between these two the balance is convincing. The confusion is inherent in the play, but neither producer nor actress had minimized it. It remains to be added that the decor, designed by James Pryde, was a joy: the bedroom scene an unforgettable piece of symbolic presentation.

The mention of Sybil Thorndike tempts one to the inevitable comparison between her interpretation of St. Joan and that of Madame Pitoëff. The English stage has not seen for some time anything so magnificent as this French presentation of Shaw's play: it was superb. Its stagecraft was extraordinarily beautiful, and the pace and passion which this company put into it made this *Sainte Jeanne* a truly great piece of theatrical work. Pitoëff himself as the Dauphin was perhaps the least satisfactory part, as his wife's Jeanne was the greatest. She managed to suggest the simplicity, the faith, the sublime God's-foolishness of the character, and never forgot that she was a peasant. It made an interesting comparison with our memories of Sybil Thorndike's Amazon saint. Madame Pitoëff creates an infinitely more pathetic figure, if a less tragic one, and she made the trial scene extraordinarily moving and beautiful. The bringing of the Pitoëffs to London was a real service to the theatre.

In this same International Season we have had the opportunity of seeing again Angna Enters. Some of us have long admired the exquisite work of this artist, who, without a word, and with little aid, or none even, from music, can create period after period, character after character, using form and movement alone. She has added many items to her repertory; most noteworthy a Pavana which brings before our eyes the whole subtlety of that 16th-century Spain which produced the Borgias. In almost everything she does she is perfect, and it is difficult to believe that creation can succeed with so little external aid. Angna Enters is but one of the daring women who risk the strain of a "one-man" show. Of Yvette Guilbert or of Ruth Draper, each in their highly individualized way supreme, what more can be said? A newcomer, who, if she is true to the best in herself, must find a place in the theatre of the future, is Rose Quong, the Chinese actress who gave a recital this month. On the Chinese side of her work she achieves real beauty, and demands notice in the chronicle of a month as rich in theatre work as this has been.

Books

THE CLASSICS.

OUR DEBT TO GREECE AND ROME—LOVE OF NATURE AMONG THE GREEKS AND ROMANS. By HENRY RUSHTON FAIRCLOUGH. Harrop. 5s.

THIS series, which is mainly the work of American scholars, seeks to show by quotation and reference what modern literature has derived from classical sources. Tennyson's "sea-blue bird of March" is from Alcman, as Prof. Fairclough notes, but in so natural a process as the observation of Nature we cannot expect to find much direct classical reminiscence. The chapters are headed by a selection of modern quotations and a good selection follows of passages from Homer to the 'Vigil of Venus' which illustrate the author's conclusions. The book is a delightful one for a scholar to read, though one may doubt whether in some instances commonplaces have not been erected into more than they imply. The main conclusion is clear. Homer and earlier poets like Sappho show more appreciation of Nature than the Athens of the great flowering time, with the exception of Euripides; and it is later that Theocritus begins pastoral poetry and gives us unforgettable pictures of the charm of country life. The Greek Anthology, covering a vast range of time, contains much, but Greek fiction singularly little. We do not remember a single flower in the whole of 'Theagenes and Chariclea.' Homer, whom we now recognize as no naive blunderer groping in the childhood of the world, but an artist who saw a high civilization, is clearly a real lover of Nature. The Odyssey says of the "soft meadows of violet and parsley" on Calypso's island, "There even an immortal, if he came, might wonder at the sight and rejoice in his heart." This is no commonplace and one may say the same of practical Hesiod's—

In a soft meadow and on vernal flowers,

the only verse of his which Landor's Aspasia thought "worth transcribing, and that only for the melody." When we come to Sophocles, the master of serene beauty in drama, we find justice done to the nightingale, but hardly any flowers. Though Athens was famous as "violet-crowned," there is no single violet in his plays to match those in Shakespeare, and in the famous chorus of *Œdipus at Colonus* the narcissus and crocus are connected with religious cults. That is the great difference between classical literature and our own. We cherish flowers for themselves without mythology, though a few, like the Madonna lily, may have acquired religious associations. What Ruskin called the "Pathetic Fallacy," the idea that Nature is in tune with our emotions, is rare in Greek, but Euripides the modern, who abounds in romantic sentiment, has it. Antigone in the *Phœnissæ* cries, "What bird sitting amid the lofty top of oak or pine will mourn with me, the motherless maid?" Prof. Fairclough is quite right

in laying stress on this side of Euripides, which has been underrated. Euripides has an eye for colour and takes many lessons from the phenomena of Nature, showing a feeling for the lower creatures that is "quite Virgilian in tone and rare in Greek poetry." Joy and freedom in Nature find their greatest exposition in the splendours of the *Bacchæ*, and Prof. Fairclough suggests that the derision Euripides got from Aristophanes was largely due to his attitude to the "call of the wild." This is a familiar sentiment to-day, but one the Greeks had not found it necessary to invent. Civilization did not press so hardly on them that they longed to get away from it. "That Greek cheerfulness," as Heine calls it, is more astonishing when one realizes the many alleviations of life which are common with us, but were unknown to them.

The Latin contribution to the love and lore of Nature is partly derived from the Greek, but here Catullus and particularly Virgil, both claimed as Celts, reach something like the modern point of view. Coming late, perhaps at the close of the second century A.D., the author of the 'Vigil of Venus' can ask as a poet would do to-day, "When will my spring come?"

There is no reason to reduce as "largely dramatic" the statement of Socrates in the 'Phædrus' that he learns from men in the city, and not from trees or country places. Johnson's attitude was similar. He regarded a landscape from the standpoint of its human associations and his ideal garden was full of currant bushes.

Prof. Fairclough knows his subject thoroughly, but he surprises when he proclaims in his epilogue that

> all the varied tones that are heard in English literature, whether in Chaucer and Shakespeare, in the eighteenth century, in Wordsworth and the Victorians, or in our most recent poetry, can all be detected in the various phases of Greek and Roman thought.

Something might, indeed, have been said of the mystic views of Nature among the Stoics, but it is plain that the moderns have a much wider range of emotion in considering Nature than the ancients. To take but one source, the Professor should look at Tennyson's 'In Memoriam' and think again.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF GREEK VERSE. Chosen by GILBERT MURRAY, CYRIL BAILEY, E. A. BARBER, T. F. HIGHAM, and C. M. BOWRA. With an Introduction by C. M. BOWRA. Oxford University Press. 8s. 6d.

OTHER poets and languages have long since been honoured by "Oxford Books." We have had to wait long for the Greek selection, but now that it has appeared, it deserves a hearty welcome, being fully representative with its 706 pieces and 596 pages of text. The Introduction is by a critic who is less than half the age of Professor Murray, and he covers the long range of Greek with attractive freshness and hints of irony, though more,

in view of the attention given to a late pessimist, might have been said of the Greek enjoyment of life.

All the best of Homer is included, and research has brought forward popular songs and beautiful fragments of the dramatists, like that on Sophocles on Love—No. 342—and even an epigram by Julian on Beer, which shows the grace of the Emperor's writing. There is one piece of low life from Herodas and enough from Bacchylides. We find Philip of Macedon congratulating himself on his own prowess, and a comment on his epigram by Alcæus of Messene. One great feature of modern scholarship is the rehabilitation of Euripides, and the Oxford selectors, if they do not agree with Verrall that his main purpose as a realist was to show that

> An honest God's the noblest work of man,

have devoted an amount of space to him which would have astonished the Oxford of sixty years since. That is, we think, as just as the recognition of the homely Hesiod and many effective little pieces by that great writer, "Anon." The most modern thing in the book is the very ingenious epigram from the Greek Anthology on the Six Hours' Day. It is founded on the use of the letters of the alphabet for numerals, including the digamma, and might be rendered:

> Six hours—'tis ample—to your labours give;
> The letters of the next bid mortals "Live."

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The usual grumbles of the critic are silenced by the catholic choice the collection reveals. But why is there, except in an occasional title, no hint of good renderings from Greek by English poets and scholars? Not a line in an appendix reminds us of Professor Gilbert Murray and other accomplished translators. If the professor's modesty has insisted on this silence, it is a pity. We notice that Oxford has still largely to rely on German editions of texts.

FICTION.

MANY CAPTIVES. By JOHN OWEN. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

THE author's manner of writing needs some patience, as the story goes forward and backward. The man who begins it and seems likely to be important fades out and the first chapter refers to a leading event the explanation of which is deferred to much later pages. The writing, however, is brief, laudably brief, and effective in its illustration of character. The scene is Suffolk and the persons range from a Squire to a working man. A girl of eleven carries out that liberation of captives which is the beautiful theme of the book, letting loose a fox-cub and a caged bird.

Life is a prison, according to Hamlet and the verse of the Nuremberg Chronicle, and without indulging in sentimentality or that overdose of soul we get from the Russians, John Owen deals tenderly with the confinements and inhibitions which spoil human existence, showing what tact, or rather, what divine wisdom of the heart, is needed to suggest the way of freedom to these unfortunates. The most difficult task is to bring back confidence and initiative to an ex-convict who is a man with money and good breeding. He is restored to himself by one below him in social rank who has every reason for selfish sadness. This countryman, an ex-soldier who has lost most of his hearing in the war, and the little girl, a propagandist for freedom who astonishes her parents, are the most striking figures in a lovely book. But it is all a plea for that compassion and understanding which are more human, one hopes, than the cruelty advertised by fashionable fiction. A novel like this is infinitely more moving and deserves the attention of Book Clubs.

RONDO. By BASIL MAINE. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

BY almost every test of novel-writing Mr. Maine's book is not a success; it lacks a coherent story, we do not believe in its characters (except the "I" of the book who is quite maddeningly interested in his own emotions), and it belongs to the period of fiction writing long after plot was deemed a necessary ingredient. Having declared all this, one admits having been extremely interested in it as a book. The stray ideas upon music, upon

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criticism, upon intellectual affairs generally, are full of stimulus. The analysis upon analysis of states of mind, the study of mental and emotional reactions, the vignettes of contemporary life among the intelligentia—these things are excellent. Moreover, there is a quality about Mr. Maine's writing which places his book in a category apart from the usual novel. At times, when he describes action, his medium fails him, becoming turgid and losing its clarity; but we pass on and get back our enjoyment as soon as the author becomes his abstract and philosophic self. If, therefore, Mr. Maine will exempt us from believing in the existence or the actions of the three women whose business it is to stir up his egocentric hero into a frenzy of analysis, we will gladly confess a thorough liking for his book.

VANISHING SHADOWS. By J. MACONECHY. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

THE persons of this novel move in the country setting of a manor house, a vicarage and a rectory, and the scenery is attractively portrayed. The manor house belongs to a notable family which has only produced sons. The latest of them, however, who is the hero, has a sister as well as a gently foolish mother to talk to. When his father dies, he goes abroad to earn the money to keep up the old place. On his return he marries the small child he first saw when he was arranging for his father's funeral. All this does not sound extraordinary, but Miss Maconechy has a gift for making her characters speak out devastating truth, and this they do poignantly and amusingly, both in youth and advanced age. Throughout we find a deep-searching commentary on the relations of the sexes which arrests our attention, though we do not pledge ourselves to believing all its conclusions. Women, it appears, are always afraid of "cave-man" tactics, though a light and silly wife here succeeds in fooling a stern husband. The author seems to contemplate a world of shadows in which "all human beings are so many charlatans" and pre-

tenders are happy in keeping up pretences. The children, however, are delightfully frank and naïve. One of them says at a party:

> When I am grown up I am going to have all my meals always all day long in a shop, because I have always noticed that though men have to have everything last at home they get everything first in teashops.

The same child, being the son of a Conservative M.P., answers the history question, "How is England governed?" with "Very well indeed." We do not know why, as in the quotation above, commas which would make the sense clearer are omitted. The book is out of the common and deserves good presentation to the reader.

THE EDWARDIANS. By V. SACKVILLE-WEST. The Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.

THAT which, with widely different degrees of success and size of canvas, was attempted by Thackeray in "Vanity Fair," and by Ouida in "The Massarenes," Miss Sackville-West has essayed in "The Edwardians." With an unreserve which to either of those forerunners would have deemed impossible she has presented the mentality, methods and morals of the most selfish types among members of old-established and wealthy English families, at a particular period. The chief scene is a country house which strongly recalls that described in Mrs. Virginia Woolf's "Orlando" two years ago, and the characters presented, none of whom, the author avows, "is wholly fictitious," are in general hard, proud, artificial, and unintelligent, true to no principles except class traditions, whereof the "eleventh" commandment is the moral keystone. The spoilt young duke, who makes but a poor show as hero up to the last page, may turn into something more heroic under the influence of the intrepid explorer to whom his unspoilt, however independent, sister is engaged. Among the various women who mingle in the duke's first years of manhood, comparatively creditable parts are played by a doctor's pretty, snobbish wife, who scornfully declines to be seduced, and an artist's model, who as readily consents, but who utterly refuses to accept a settlement when the liaison comes to its natural end.

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THE CASE BOOKS OF X37. By A. J. DAWSON. Richards. 7s. 6d.

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when it is developed by some particular shock—this is the striking material of the narratives.

Here are people who exploit the half-mad and live on them, misers who starve with plenty of money, and others who starve to give free jam to children, meals to cats and dogs not their own, or bundles of paper to reduce the pains of shivering quarters on the Embankment. The stories are much more varied than the average tales of theft and blackmail, and afford a curious insight into "the abysmal deeps of personality," taking that liberal point of view we expect from the writer. We notice under "Fiction," as several of the narratives are written up in that form.

THE SWEET CHEAT GONE. By MARCEL PROUST. Translated by C. K. SCOTT MONCRIEFF. Knopf. 10s. 6d.

CHARLES KENNETH SCOTT MONCRIEFF was born in 1889; he became a scholar of Winchester and of the University of Edinburgh. During the war he was wounded in the foot and unable to return to the front. He became private secretary to Lord Northcliffe and one of the staff of the *Times*. But his chief claim to fame is the wonderful series of translations he made of Proust, Stendhal, Pirandello and J. R. Bloch. Before his day, French translation was one of the most pedestrian of arts, practised by the down-at-heel among the literary tribe. In Victorian days a £10 note, or at most £20, was considered a fair remuneration for

rendering quite a long novel. Even Vizetelly's versions of Zola, for which he suffered imprisonment, were by no means accurate. Then came the translations of the Lutetian Society, promoted by Nichols and Smithers, in the late nineties. Ernest Dowson and Teixeira de Mattos were contributors and their work was hailed as a new outlook on French literature. But it was not till Scott Moncrieff started on Proust in 1925 that we really got the spirit as well as the words of the author. All French is difficult to translate into English, for there is a great gulf between the spirit of the two nations. Yet those who have not essayed the art think that anybody can do it. Of all French authors, Proust is probably the most difficult, or at any rate he might be bracketed with Huysmans and J. H. Rosny. French *argot* and familiar expressions change annually and, to translate with facility, one should live among the literary cliques of Paris. But, if one does, one's English deteriorates. Proust is full of familiar phrases used in conversation but not to be found in any dictionary, and Moncrieff's energy and persistence in running them to earth was boundless. Sometimes for one expression like *faire un effet bœuf* he would write half a dozen letters before he found a friend who could give him the exact meaning.

Of all French authors Proust has least of the clarity and rhythm of the classics. His long, unwieldy sentences, his continual periphrases, his enormous parentheses, are quite alien to the spirit of French prose. His work was received with indifference until M. Léon Daudet persuaded the Académie Goncourt to give him their annual prize. Now there is quite a Proust cult, a large library of works on him and his books, and a *Société des Études Proustiennes.* The present volume is the ninth and last but one of the vast picture he drew of the fashionable Society of the Third Republic. In the first six he was concerned with the more reputable side of society, but in "The Cities of the Plain" he dealt with unnatural vices. Moncrieff died in Rome in February last, cut off in his prime, before he had time to complete his great task. One more book remains, "Le Temps retrouvé," and Messrs. Knopf must have found it difficult to find a successor, had not Moncrieff made several friends as keen on translation as himself.

WIRELESS WISDOM.

POINTS OF VIEW: A SERIES OF BROADCAST ADDRESSES. By SIR WALFORD DAVIES, G. LOWES DICKINSON and Others. Allen and Unwin. 4s. 6d.

MR. DICKINSON introduces and sums up in a final talk the six addresses republished here. They were arranged last year by the B.B.C. as "an experiment in popular education," and he notices the criticism that they lean too much to the side of free thought and too little to that of orthodox religion and conservative

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politics. These, however, will doubtless have their turn. It appears that Mr. Bernard Shaw gave the original talk, which is not reprinted here. One point that strikes us is that all the speakers are 60 or over, with the exception of Mr. J. B. S. Haldane. Another is that they were confined to half an hour, a period in which striking suggestions can be made but which hardly allows of argument on such large and important themes as the best way to manage the world, the best sort of politics, and the possible future beyond the grave. In keeping mainly to one theme Mr. Wells is wiser than his associates, who attempt too much. These lectures do not amount to anything like an education, and regarded as short cuts to knowledge, they are futile. They refer, for instance, to Plato and the Stoic Logos; and how many listeners can boast of knowing either? They should be viewed as a stimulus to personal study.

Granted, then, that the talkers must dogmatize and declare rather than explain, we find here much that is effectively stated and calculated to promote thought, if not dissent. Mr. Dickinson explains clearly in his Introduction that what philosophers call "values"—ideas about Good and Evil—are dogmas on which science has nothing to say, though it influences them by its discoveries. The application of these "values" to human society is the main point, and it leads on to the question, Has our present democracy justified itself, or is it likely to do so? The further question arises, What is democracy and is it not making claims to which it has no real right? Mr. Dickinson can still regard "the essence of democracy as government by free opinion," and looks forward to very great changes in the system of property. An axiom not stated here but surely vital to any consideration of the subject is that the common world of democracy must have uncommon men to lead and direct it, to carry out something more or less like its wishes. Emotional sentimentalism, which is one of the chief characteristics of the popular, undisciplined mind of to-day, is fatal to good art and good literature, and these cannot

flourish unless our democrats get, as Mr. Dickinson says, a new spirit. Will they get it? Will they read and master one serious book instead of the hundreds provided by Mr. Edgar Wallace?

Dean Inge reminds us that "the eternal and absolute values are at least as much parts of reality as atoms and electrons," and he does not believe in the law of automatic progress. He says firmly of the kind of democracy we have got:—

> I do not much believe in [it], and I fancy very few people believe in it any longer.

Clearly, too, he believes in an aristocracy of exceptional men, for he goes on:

> The silliest of all methods is to break heads; the next silliest is to count them.

But he protests against those who abuse our social system as if they were doing a grave disservice to their country. Things, after all, are, for him, better than they have ever been. Chances for a good life, we should prefer to say, are greater than they ever have been, but what has been made of them? Social arrangements for the poor, he urges, are better, and may be better still. "America leads the way." Is America, then, a model for the people who believe in "values"? As an ideal for scholars like Dean Inge and teachers like Dr. Norwood, it seems a little astonishing, and Mr. Haldane points to the crude fact that the American death rate at every age above 30 is increasing steadily. It is not difficult to see the reasons. We are glad to find Dr. Inge reducing the claims of science to advise us on the things that matter. Science is making wonderful discoveries; it is the miracle of the age; but that does not entitle its professors to decide on the way we should live. The biologist is not concerned with the moral side of life.

Mr. Haldane believes in marriage and accuses Mr. Shaw of "remoteness from facts" in his opinions of medicine and biological science, and Sir Oliver Lodge declares that the survival of individuals after death is proved and certain, a conclusion to which Mr. Dickinson adds a caveat. He ends with Goethe's creed of steady action in the world and wide experience. That is sensible but does not take us very far. Was Goethe's sense of "values" admirable?

A PUBLISHER'S CIRCLE.

A Hundred Years of Publishing: Being the Story of Chapman and Hall, Ltd. By Arthur Waugh, Managing Director, 1902–1930. Chapman and Hall. 15s.

Writing with the grace of an accomplished penman, Mr. Waugh is able to look back on forty years of the "trade," and he need not have feared any lack of interest in his story. He has

the mellow judgment which comes from long experience and the kindly spirit which does not always belong to the irritable race of authors. He shows us not only the passing pageant of letters in which one vogue puts down another, but also a happy family in which the less-known workers are appreciated and authors, laying aside their authorial vanity, appear as friends. This is the natural relation, and if the literary agent and the hideous strain of competition have made it old-fashioned, the change is to be regretted.

Among the firm's great authors, Carlyle and Dickens with his invaluable henchman, the arbitrary Forster, cannot have been easy to satisfy, and an awkward business with Keble Howard led to the establishment of a complete taboo of the firm by the great Lord Northcliffe. Here the Publishers' Circle intervened, a body the outside world knows nothing of. "Net Books and the Book War" is a very interesting chapter. The Book Trade was fighting for its life against less than respectable attacks, and a publisher accused of "simple extortion" got £7,500 for libel. Mr. Waugh explains after a formidable array of figures that

> in order to cover expenses on a novel nowadays, the publisher has to sell at least double the number that he had to sell before the war.

Edward Chapman and William Hall lived in less strenuous days and in a comparatively quiet Strand. They could afford to publish a "Christian Register" which was "printed in 64 large pages, on one sheet, embracing a surface of 40 square feet."

Meredith as Reader did much valuable service, and it is not surprising that he rejected "East Lynne" as "in the worst style of the present taste." His helping hand for authors of better calibre is abundantly testified. W. H. Hudson gained early recognition from the firm, which published a novel of his under a pseudonym. Years later he came and asked for a written assurance that the book should never be republished. Then after his death another publisher announced that he had arranged with Hudson to include it in a collected edition. These, as Mr. Waugh gently remarks, are the inconsequences of authors. The publisher's life is not so easy as the public and young authors think. To-day an older firm has to meet the competition of more pushing rivals, but we hope the gracious kindliness of this book will never be out of date.

THE MAKING OF AN EDITOR: W. L. COURTNEY, 1850–1928. Macmillan. 6s.

ONE of the great successes of Chapman and Hall was the *Fortnightly Review*, with its five distinguished and enterprising editors. The purpose of this book is mainly to show what the "Fortnightly" did in the way of securing the best comment and criticism. The details given are a little lengthy, but the record shows the high standard which the editors attained and

maintained in every department of journalism. There were, of course, other excellent monthlies, but the "Fortnightly" for years held the first position and discovered writers like Mr. Garvin, then a young Newcastle journalist. An unknown author, writing on a big theme, provides, as Mr. Waugh also shows, a special attraction for the public, and the *Fortnightly* made a sensation in 1924 with "The Prince of Wales at 30." Courtney smoothed out the difficulties Harris had created, and proved a first-rate editor, but he went on a little too long and grew, as his wife admits, dilatory about printing accepted MSS. He had concurrently a good deal to do for the *Daily Telegraph*. But he was a tremendous worker with an open mind for good stuff, and he was, we think, happier in Fleet Street than he would ever have been in the Professorship he missed at Oxford. At the end of a long day the Garrick found him the brightest and liveliest of talkers.

That side of his life does not concern Mrs. Courtney, but her account, charmingly written, is a real addition to Courtney's own reminiscences, which hardly did him justice. Here we get a good idea of his views and personality, contrasted with those of Morley, a Benthamite of rather a hard type. Many will sympathize with Courtney's idea that religious controversy is overdone.

POETRY.

THE UNCELESTIAL CITY. By HUMBERT WOLFE. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

FOR many of us Mr. Humbert Wolfe's poetry touched its high-water mark—a very high one indeed—with the publication of *Requiem*, and we open each new book wondering whether he can do it again, hoping a little desperately that he will exceed it. His new long poem bears obvious kinship both in method and in its theme. Again he contrasts life's avowed successes with her failures, and again in the light of that contrast he revalues our conventional values.

In this book he takes the life history of a successful lawyer and judge, and sets it alongside the stories of those with whom the law brings him into contact: with the charlatan, the prostitute, the blasphemer, and finally with the murderer whom he sentences to death. The judge is made to re-live that life when after death he is turned back from the gate of the Celestial City. Strangely his creator makes him live it from youth to old age again, although one feels the point of the poem would have been much clearer had he been shown living backward from the blindness of success to the idealism of his lost youth. Either way it is a fine idea, and offers the poet every opportunity for the satire, the passion for beauty, and the assertion of spiritual values which characterize his work.

In common with all pronouncedly individual literature, this poem runs the danger of over-emphasizing its creator's idiosyncrasies. The Gilbertian rhyme and even the Gilbertian idea threaten it and bring it within the literary censure of many whose objection we suspect to be more deeply rooted in detestation of its challenging ideas. Nevertheless, none can deny it passages of the purest lyric beauty, and it stands as one of the important poems of our period. H.S.

HISTORY AND MEMOIRS.

THE PATH THROUGH THE WOOD. By J. LEWIS MAY. Bles. 7s. 6d.

AMID the roaring of the post-war wolves the bleating of this little lamb may pass unnoticed. But it may well happen that the modest lamb will outlive all the wild yelpers now abroad. If there are any readers left who relish still the quiet, contemplative mind and reminiscences of the Victorian past with outlooks on the literary activities of the nineties, this is the writing they will enjoy

Mr. Lewis May divides his book into two parts: Devon and London. He was born in the seventies in a northern suburb of London, the child of a doctor who had migrated from Devonshire; he went to University College School during the headmastership of that fine scholar and most kindly of men, H. Weston Eve, from whom he imbibed a love of classical literature and of France, as the heiress of the classics. This has enabled him to produce such translations as those from Anatole France and Ovid.

His first part is devoted to youthful holidays in Devonshire. His memories are wonderfully detailed on the small points that impress a child and are remembered in old age. The second recalls his schooldays and early career in London. John Lane, the publisher, came from the same village as his father, and when he joined in partnership with Elkin Mathews of Exeter, he asked Mr. May to aid the new firm. His memories of the Bodley Head poets are both amusing and informative. He stops short at the end of the century, but we hope he will give us further memories of the past thirty years. For them we would give many volumes of noisiness on the Western or any front or back.

JAHANGIR AND THE JESUITS, with an Account of the Travels of Benedict Goes and the Mission to Pegu. From the Relations of Father Fernã Guerreiro, S.J. Translated by C. M. PAYNE. The Broadway Travellers. Routledge. 12s. 6d.

THE Jesuit mission to the Court of the Great Mogul began with high hopes and ended in disappointment. Its aims were both spiritual and political, and it failed in both. Akbar's eclectic

philosophy encouraged Father Jerome Xavier in the belief that the tolerant emperor might perhaps be added to the notable jewels among converts to Rome, and Akbar is supposed to have said, like an earlier debater, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian," but the dogma of the Incarnation kept him out. When his son Jahangir succeeded to the throne, the prospect of a Mogul conversion seemed yet more promising. Jahangir had shown a marked partiality for the society of the Jesuits, and displayed a keen interest in their sacred pictures. He decorated his palace with pictures of Christ and the Virgin and the Saints, and it appeared but a short step from admiration to worship. But Jahangir, who has been very inadequately described as a "talented drunkard," was really a remarkably able and subtle ruler. He cultivated the Jesuits because the help of the Portuguese Provincial at Goa might be of value to him in the contest for the throne on Akbar's death, and he collected sacred pictures because he was a genuine dilettante in art. For religion he did not care a rap, but he delighted in pitting the Jesuits against his Moslem Mullahs in a theological debate, and clapped his hands vigorously when the latter were worsted. Some of these debates are reported in Father Guerreiro's "Relation," which is largely derived from Xavier's letters to headquarters at Goa, of which Mr. Perry has happily discovered the originals in the Marsden collection at the British Museum, and has thus been able to add much to Guerreiro's narrative. The reports of the Jesuits add little to our knowledge of Jahangir's court and reign. They did not concern themselves primarily with history, and we have Jahangir's own Memoirs as well as the vivid descriptions in Sir Thomas Roe's Embassy, and Captain William Hawkins's Narrative, to say nothing of the Persian historians, to make up a very complete picture. The few conversions effected by the Fathers, chiefly among the unlucky Armenians, form the staple of their narrative from a propagandist point of view. The worthy missioners seem to have been grievously lacking in the saving grace of humour, for which Jahangir provided a large field to the sympathetic observer. They missed a brilliant opportunity, but it was not in their rôle.

Far more interesting and also more novel is the account of "the mission to Pegu," as it is called by Mr. Perry, who has completed Guerreiro's record which ends in 1609 by a chapter from Bacarro's "Decada," carrying the story of the capture of the fortress of Sittam on the Pegu river to the tragic end of the valiant, but too adventurous, Filippe de Brito. He had built the fort, held it against two violent attacks by the King of Arakan, fought two sea battles, and at last was compelled to yield to the siege by the King of Ava, made prisoner, and strangled. The description of these fights and de Brito's

adventures in government and diplomacy with the other rulers of Arakan, Tangu, and Ava make excellent reading. As Mr. Perry says:

> The fact that three hundred years ago one Philip de Brito built a fort on the Pegu river, held it for a dozen years, and then lost it, is not in itself of outstanding importance. Nevertheless, the attendant circumstances are worth our attention because of the insight they afford into the maritime policy of the Portuguese at this period, the methods by which it was pursued, and the causes which contributed to its failure. The story of Philip de Brito's short-lived triumph and its tragic conclusion is the history in miniature of the rise and collapse of the Portuguese power in the East.

Most of the documents translated by Mr. Perry are very rare, many are unpublished or hitherto untranslated. He has not only made known a large number of previously inedited letters and reports, but has enriched them by elaborate and learned notes which show an intimate acquaintance with the period and indefatigable research. Historians of the East will be grateful and appreciative of his very thorough work. Mrs. Perry's sketch-maps are valuable guides to a little-known region. In the portrait of Jahangir is a notable example of the best Mogul art of miniature.

S. L.-P.

GENERAL.

How About Europe? Some Footnotes on East and West. By Norman Douglas. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Douglas has been impelled by reading "Mother India" to ask how our own boasted civilization stands to-day. The answer he gives in a series of notes and comments is devastating and full of the charm of his biting humour. He allows himself as a rebel the utmost freedom of comment, and on one page he is wickedly pertinent and effective, on another grossly unfair. Some of his authorities are of the freakish, definitely one-sided sort. He loves Greece and runs down the legacy of Rome, which to some of us is the saving element in modern life. But he derides and denounces quite fairly that odious tyranny which Stevenson foresaw in "The Day after To-morrow," when

> our legislation grows authoritative, grows philanthropical, bristles with new duties and new penalties, and casts a spawn of inspectors, who now begin, notebook in hand, to darken the face of England.

The East remains dignified; we are in for a regime of hideous vulgarity in which "over-government is killing self-respect, and hustlers killing ease of soul," and the Western notion seems to be that "some dogs can learn tricks, therefore all dogs must learn them." The women who are "restlessly gadding parasites," blocking the road wherever a shop shows their clothes, are roundly denounced, and it is pointed out that we have no *Truth*, as in Labouchere's day, to expose the prying inquisition of Government

departments. What are our newspapers doing? When Hardy died, they gave him in two instances 96 and 30 inches, consecrating 624 and 312 to a murder trial. There are, however, some things to be said for our poor old country. If much of our legal system is mediæval and indefensible, our judges do not take bribes. Money and money-lenders are not so potent as they are elsewhere, and the illiterate are not always better people than the educated.

AMERICA'S ENGLAND. By M. V. HUGHES. Dent, 6s.

MRS. HUGHES always writes brightly and has got a great deal that is worth seeing into this book. She has an eye for the quaint and old-fashioned side of English life both in town and country, and she has evidently travelled far and wide. She mentions the grand houses of Haddon Hall and Compton Winyates, which only survived through the piety of an agent, but not Longleat. Darwin's Down House is now open to the nation, not teased, as when we last approached it, with the practising pianos of a girls' school. Dickens's first house in Doughty Street and Johnson's in Gough Square are rightly commended, but Johnson's "tomb" in the Abbey is only a slab level with the floor. Mrs. Hughes is so very knowledgeable that she must have had an unusual "off" day when she spent a long time discovering Mr. Epstein's figures at St. James' Park Station. She calls the way to them "too tricky to describe," but there is no difficulty at all.

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